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THE

Cytezen and Uplondyshman:

AN ECLOGUE, BY

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION BY

Wynkyn de Worde.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF BARCLAY AND HIS OTHER ECLOGUES,

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Wouldst thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges, and bordels of the hynde.
CHATTERTON. *Rowley Poems.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLVII.

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BARCLAY AND HIS ECLOGUES.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES of the Earlier English Writers are so very uncommon in cotemporary authors, that we are frequently obliged to content ourselves with what little information may be gleaned from the casual allusions made by themselves in their own productions, and which at times seems to be as much the result of accident as of intention. Barclay is no exception to the list of those whose biography is at once scanty and unsatisfactory. Not only are notices of his life meagre, but his country has been a subject of dispute; and his claim to be considered a native of England or Scotland made the motive for controversy. Warton, who has devoted the Twenty-ninth Section of his *History of English Poetry* to an account of Barclay and his works, says, "He most probably was of Devonshire or Gloucestershire." Ritson is of the contrary opinion, for in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 46, he says: "Both his name of baptism and the orthography of his surname, seem to prove that he was of Scottish extraction." Park, in a note

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to the last edition of Warton (3 vols. 8vo. 1840, p. 419) has brought together all conflicting statements. He says: "Wood, who designates him Alexander de Barklay, surmises him to have been born at or near a town so called in Somersetshire; but Ritson owns that there is no such town in that county.* Bale, the oldest authority, tells us that some contend that he was a Scot, others, an Englishman. Pitts admits that with some he appeared to have been a Scot, 'but was verily an Englishman, and his native country, as it is probable, Devonshire.' Dr. Bulleyn, his cotemporary, says he was born beyond the cold river of Tweed; and Holinshed positively calls him a Scot. He is likewise claimed as his countryman by Dempster, who informs us he lived in England, being expelled from his native country for the sake of religion. This report, however, is considered as the invention of Dempster, since no religious dissensions had taken place in Scotland so early as 1506." This latter remark belongs to Ritson, who declares, that Dempster's opinion "seems his peculiar invention"; and Mr. Park concludes his note with Ritson's opinion of his claim to Scottish extraction. However that may

* "The only Berkeley known, is in Gloucestershire," says Ritson, which may have induced Warton to add that county to the equally supposititious one of Devonshire, the latter being a similar *conjecture* of Pitts.

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be, it is certain that his youth was spent, and his education perfected in, England; for in his First Eclogue he mentions,—

"While I in youth in Croidon toune did dwell."

His education, Warton says, took place at Oriel College, in Oxford;* but Ritson, in his usual sarcastic manner remarks, "Warton, who as well as Tanner, asserts that 'he was of Oriel College, in Oxford,' by way of proof, shews him 'to have spent some time at Cambridge;'" a gratuitous piece of ill-nature, as Warton merely says, "he seems to have spent some time at Cambridge," founding his assumption on the lines of his First Eclogue:—

"And once in Cambridge I heard a scoller say,
One of the same that go in copes gay."

And which neither proves, that he had his education there, or that Warton wished it to be so understood, and there is nothing extraordinary in a student visiting a sister university. "He accomplished his academical studies," says Warton, "by travelling, and was appointed one of the priests or prebendaries of the College of Saint Mary Ottery, in Devonshire"; where, in 1508, he finished his translation of Sebastian Brandt's *Stultifera*

* His great patron and favorer of his studies, Thomas Cornish, Bishop of Tyne, was then provost, to whom he dedicated his *Ship of Fools.—Ritson.*

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Navis,* with considerable additions of his own, the work by which he is most known, and which enjoyed much popularity in his own day. In this poem he mentions *My Maister Kyrkham*, calling himself "his true servitour, his chaplayne, and bedeman," but of whom we have no further notice. Barclay afterwards became a Benedictine monk of Ely monastery, as appears by the title to his translation of Mancinus' *Mirrour of Good Manners;* and at length took the habit of the Franciscans, at Canterbury (MS. Bale. Sloan. p. 68). From the dedication of the Latin portion of his Chronicle of the War against Jugurth, he appears to have been at that time residing at King's Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. It is addressed to Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, and dated "ex cellula Hatfield regis." "He temporised with the changes of religion," says Warton, "for he possessed some church preferments in the reign of. Edward VI." "Sure 'tis," adds Wood, "that, living to see his monastery dissolv'd, he became vicar of Much-Badew, in Essex, and in 1546,† of the Church of St. Matthew the Apostle, at Wokey, in Somersetshire, and finally instituted

* The colophon runs thus: "The Shyp of Folys, translated oute of Laten, Frenche, and Doche, into English tonge, by Alexander Barclay, Prest and Chaplen in the sayd College, M.CCCCC.VIII."

† The same year in which he was instituted to Much-Badew, according to Newport's Repertorium, vol. i, p. 254.

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to that of All Saints, Lombard Street.* In his younger days he was esteemed a good poet and orator, but when years came on, he spent his time mostly in pious matters, and in reading the histories of saints." He died very aged, at Croydon, in Surry, in the year 1522, and was buried in the church there.

Besides his principal work, *The Shyp of Folys*, (which was printed by Pynson, in 1509) he translated *The Mirrour of Good Manners*, from the Latin of Dominic Mancini, printed by Pynson without date, and translated "at the instaunce and request of the ryght noble Rychard, yerle of Kent." *The Famous Cronycle of the Warre which the Romans had agaynst Jugurth*, two editions of which came from the press of Pynson. This book was translated "at the commaundment of the hye and mighty prince Thomas, Duke of Norfolk." *The Castel of Laboure*, translated from the French, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, and again, by Pynson. *The figure of our Mother Holy Church oppressed by the French King*, printed for Pynson, etc. Bale also mentions "his answer to John Skelton, the poet," which Ritson says "was probably in metre, but appears neither to have been printed, nor to be extant in

* On the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, which was vacant by his death, August 24, 1552. —*Newport Rep.*, i, 254.

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manuscript. Bale also enumerates the lives of St. George, from Mantuan, dedicated to N. West, Bishop of Ely, and written while our author was monk of Ely; and lives of St. Catharine, St. Margaret, and St. Etheldred. John Palsgrave, author of *L'Elaircissement de la Langue François*, printed in 1530, says that Barclay wrote a tract, *De Pronuntiatione Gallica*, at the command of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. But of this work, and his lives of the Saints, no bibliographer has yet discovered copies.

His Eclogues are supposed by Warton to have been written about the year 1514, because he praises "noble Henry, which now *departed late*," and afterwards falls into a long panegyric on his successor, Henry the Eighth. "Our author's Egloges, I believe," says Warton, "are the first that appeared in the English language. They are like Petrarch's and Mantuan's, of the moral and satirical kind; and contain but few touches of rural description and bucolic imagery. The three first are paraphrased, with very large additions, from the *Miseriæ Curialium* of Eneas Sylvius,* and treat of the *Miseryes of Courtiers and Courtes of all Princes in general.* The fourth, in which is introduced a long poem in stanzas,

* "That is Pope Pius the Second, who died in 1464. This piece is among his Epistles, some of which are called Tracts. Epist. clvi."

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called, *The Tower of Vertue and Honour,** *of the behaviour of riche men agaynst poetes.* The fifth, *of the Disputation of Citizens and Men of the Country.* These pastorals, if they deserve the name, contain many allusions to the times."

From Cawood's edition of these eclogues, which are in many instances corrected from the earlier ones, and which are printed at the end of his edition of the *Stultifera Navis*, 1570, we shall now proceed to extract as much as is necessary to exhibit their structure, or illustrate the manners of the times.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST EGLOGE.

Two simple shepheardes met on a certayne day,
The one well aged with lockes hore and gray,
Which after labours and worldly busines
Concluded to live in rest and quietnes:
Yet nought had he kept to finde him cloth nor fode,
At divers holes his heare grewe through his hode,
A stiffe patched felt hanging over his eyne,
His costly clothing was threadebare kendall grene,
His patched cockers† skant reached to his knee,
In the side of his felte there stacke a spone of tree,‡
A botle his cote on the one side had torne
For hanging the eare was nere a sunder worne,§

* "It is properly an elegy on the death of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Admiral," at whose request he had translated *The Chronicle of the War against Jugurth.*

† High boots, fastened with laces or buttons.

‡ On one side of his felt hat there stuck a wooden spoon.

§ A hole was torn on one side of his coat to hang a bottle on by its ear?

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In his owne hande alway his pipe he bare,
Wherof the sound him released of his care;
His wallet with bread and chese, so then he stood
(A hooke in his hande) in the middest of his good.
Save that he bosted to have experience
Of worldly thinges, by practise and science;
Himselfe he called Cornix by his name.
The other shepheard was like unto the same,
Save that he had lived all his dayes
In keping his flocke, and sene no farther wayes.
Yet was he to sight a stoute and lustie freake,*
And as he bosted he borne was in the peak.†
Coridon by name his neighbours did him call,
Himselfe counted the stoutest of them all.
This Coridon sware and saide to Cornix sure
That he no longer would there that life endure,
In wretched labour and still in povertie,
But to the citie he saide that he would hye,
Or els to the Court, and there with some abide
Till time that fortune would better life provide.
By which mocion, Cornix sheweth playnly
Of Court and Courtiers the care and misery.

The Eclogue commences with Coridon's complaints of the care and trouble of country life, to which his mate acquiesces, in these words:—

Beholde what illes the shepheards must endure
For flocke and householde bare living to procure.
In fervent heate we muste intende our folde,
And in the winter almost we frese for colde:

---

* A powerful fellow. † The Peak of Derbyshire.

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Upon the harde ground or on the flintes browne
We slepe, when other lye on a bed of downe.
A thousande illes of daunger and sicknesse,
With divers sores our beastes doth oppresse:
A thousande perils and mo if they were tolde
Dayly and nightly invadeth our poore folde.
Sometime the wolfe our beastes doth devour,
And sometime the thefe awayteth for his hour:
Or els the souldiour much worse then wolfe or thefe
Agaynst all our flocke inrageth with mischefe.
See how my handes are with many a gall,
And stiffe as a borde by worke continuall,
My face all scorvy, my colour pale and wan,
My head all parched and blacke as any pan;
My beard like bristles, so that a pliant leeke
With a little helpe may thrust me throw the cheeke,
And as a stockfishe wrinkled is my skinne,
Suche is the profite that I by labour winne.
But this my labour should greve me much the lesse
If rest or pleasure came of my businesse:
But one sodayne storme of thunder, hayle or rayne
Agayne all wasteth wherfore I toke this payne.
This is the rewarde, the dede and worke divine,
Unto whose aulters poore shepheardes incline;
To offer tapers and candles we are fayne,
And for our offering, lo, this we have againe.
I cannot declare what pitie and mercy
Wrappeth us wretches in this harde misery,
But this wot I well, it is both right and mede,
There moste to succour where doth appeare most nede.

Cornix now stays him, telling him, "Thou wadest now to farre," and that these plagues are

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sent as punishment for sins, which Coridon is disposed to deny, and argues that if a man cannot live comfortably in one place, he should try another: this he expresses his determination to do:—

I bide no longer by Saint Thomas of Kent*
In suche bare places where every day is Lent.
The Freres have store every day of the weke,
But every day our meat is for to seke.
I nought have to bye, begge can I not for shame,
Except that I were blinde, impotent or lame:
If suche a gadling† as I should begge or crave,
Of me suche mercy and pitie would men have,
That they for almes (I sweare by God's sockes)
In every towne would make me scoure the stockes:
Than can one Drome by many assayes tell,
With that ill science I purpose not to mell,
Here nothing I have wherfore I nede to care,
Nowe, Cornix, adue; streight forwarde will I fare.

CORNIX.

Streight forwarde, man, hei Benedicite!
All other people have as great care as we;
Onely bare nede is all our payne and wo,
But these towne dwellers have many paynes mo;
Our payne is pleasour nere in comparison
Of their great illes and sore vexation.
Of all suche thinges have I experience,
Then mayst thou surely geve to me credence;
Whither wilt thou go to live more quietly?
Man! all the worlde is full of misery.

---

* St. Thomas à Beket. † Idle rambler.

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CORIDON.

What, man! the Court is freshe and full of ease,
I can drawe a bowe, I shall some lorde there please,
Thyselfe can report how I can birdes kill,
Mine arowe toucheth of them nothing but the bill,
I hurte no fleshe, nor bruse no parte at all,
Were not my shooting our living were but small:
Lo here a sparowe, lo here be thrushes four,
All these I killed this day within an hour:
I can daunce the raye, I can both pipe and sing,
If I were mery I can bothe hurle and sling;
I runne, I wrastle, I can well throwe the barre,
No shepheard throweth the axeltrie so farre.*
If I were mery I could well leape and spring,
I were a man mete to serve a prince or king.
Wherfore to the Court nowe will I get me playne;
Adue, swete Cornix, farewell yet once agayne:
Provide for thy selfe, so shall I do for me.

CORNIX.

Do way, Coridon, for God's love let be,
Nought els is the Court but even the devil's mouth,
And place most carefull† of east, west, north, and south:
For thy longe service there nede shall be thy hyre,
Out of the water thou leapest into the fyre.
We live in sorowe I will it not deny,
But in the Court is the well of misery.

CORIDON.

What man? thou seest, and in likewise see I,
That lusty courtiers go alway jolily,

---

* The more modern term for the pastime is "throwing the bar," which is still practised. See Strutt's Sports, B. ii, ch. 2, sect. 7.

† Most full of care.

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They have no labour, yet are they wel besene,
Barded and garded* in pleasaunt white and grene:
They do nought els but revell, slepe, and drinke,
But on his foldes the poore shepheard must thinke.
They rest, we labour; they gayly decked be,
While we go ragged in nede and povertie;
Their colour lustie, they bide no storme nor shours,
They have the pleasoures, but all the paynes are ours;
They have all thinges, but we wretches have nought;
They sing, they daunce, while we sore sigh for thought.
But what bringeth them to this prosperitie?
Strength, courage, frendes, crafte, and audacitie.
If I had frendes I have all things beside,
Which might in Court a rowme for me provide.
But sith courtiers have this life continually,
They have all pleasour and nought of misery.

CORNIX.

Not so, Coridon; ofte under yelowe lockes
Be hid foule scabbes and fearfull French pockes;
Their reuilde shirtes† of cloth, white, soft, and thin,
Ofte time cloketh a foule and scorvy skin.
And where we labour in workes profitable,
They labor sorer in worke abhominable.
They may have shame to jet so up and downe,
When they be debtours for doublet, hose, and gowne;
And in the tavern remayne they last for lag,
When never a crosse‡ is in their courtly bag.
They crake, they boste, and vaunt as they were wood,§
And moste when they sit in midst of others good.
Nought have they fooles but care and misery,
Who hath it proved all courting shall defy.

* Edged, trimmed. † Pleated, open at the neck all round.
† Alluding to the cross which universally appeared on the reverse of the coinage at this time. § Out of their senses.

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He then enters at large into a defence of country life; and in this portion of the dialogue, Barclay has introduced a long digression in praise of Alcock, Bishop of Ely,* in which that prelate's name is punned upon after the fashion of the time. Warton, who quotes a portion of this, says of this prelate: "He sometimes, and even in the episcopal character, condescended to sport with his own name. He published an address to the clergy, assembled at Barnwell, under the title *Galli Cantus ad confrates suos curatos in synodo apud Barnwell*, 25 Sep. 1498. Printed for Pynson in the same year. In the beginning is the figure of the bishop preaching to his clergy, with two cocks on each side; and there is a cock in the first page." Alcock founded Jesus College, Cambridge; was tutor to Prince Edward, (afterwards Edward V); was appointed Bishop of Ely in 1486, and died at Wisbeach, 1501. He erected a beautiful sepulchral chapel in Ely Cathedral, alluded to in the following exordium, spoken by

* Barclay often alludes throughout the Eclogues to localities in which he resided, and thus completely anglicizes them. He often mentions Croydon and its Collier—"the proud plowman Gnatho of Chorlington"—"the rich shepherd that woned in Mortlake;" and in the *Ship of Folys*, speaking of the ignorance of the English Clergy, he says:—

"For if one can flatter, and beare a hawke on his fist,
He shal be made parson of Honington or of Clist"

both rich benefices in the neighbourhood of St. Mary Ottery, where he resided.

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Cornix, who is alluding to the death of a good shepherd:—

Yes, since his dayes a cocke was in the fen,
I knowe his voyce amonge a thousande men:
He taught, he preached, he mended every wrong;
But, Coridon, alas! no good thing abideth long.
He all was a cocke, he wakened us from slepe,
And while we slumbred he did our foldes kepe;
No cur, no foxes, nor butcher's dogges wood
Coulde hurte our fouldes, his watching was so good;
The hungry wolves which that time did abounde,
What time he crowed abashed at the sounde.
This cocke was no more abashed at the foxe
Then is a lion abashed of an oxe.
When he went faded the floure of all the fen,
I boldly dare sweare this cocke trode never hen.
This was a father of thinges pastorall,
And that well sheweth his Church Cathedrall.
There was I lately about the middest of May;
Coridon, his churche is twenty sith more gay
Then all the churches betwene the same and Kent.
There sawe I his tome and chapell excellent;
I thought five houres but even a little while,
Saint John the virgin me thought did on me smile.
Our parishe churche is but a dongeon
To that gay church in comparison.
If the people were as pleasaunt as the place
Then where it paradice of pleasour and solace.
Then might I treuly right well finde in my heart
There still to abide and never to departe.
But since that this cock by death left his song,
Trust me, Coridon, there many a thing is wrong.

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When I sawe his figure lye in the chapell side
Like death, for weping I might no longer bide.
Lo all good thinges so sone away doth glide,
That no man liketh to long doth rest and abide.
When the good is gone (my mate this is the case)
Seldome the better re-entreth in the place.

To all this Coridon assents, and begs him to recount his knowledge of Courts, and return to where he left off, which after a drink at the bottle, he does. He proceeds in the old strain, asserting that "the Court is the bayting place of hell," blaming Princes, but excusing some, "beside noble Henry which nowe departed late": and by way of climax asserts, that when by good luck a fortune is made there:—

A fault shall be founde, some one shall thee accuse
Of thing whereof thou did never think nor muse.
Though thou be giltlesse, yet shalt thou be convict,
Farewell thy good, all shall be from thee lickt,
Or some back reckoning concerning thine office,
Of all thy riches shall pill thee with a trice.
Thou art then clapped in the Flete or Clinke,
Then nought must thou say, whatsoever thou thinke.
For if thou begin to murmure or complayne,
Thy life thou lesest, then haste thou harmes twayne.

After proceeding to shew the small amount of liberty enjoyed in Courts, and the folly of pursuing its uncertain gains, he adds:—

It would make one clawe where as it doth not itche
To see one live poore because he would dye riche.

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Because one in court hath gotten good, or twayne,
Should all men suppose the same there to obtayne,
And in hope thereof to lose their libertie,
But seeking riches, such findeth povertie.
For many in court while they abide riches,
Spende all their treasure and live in wretchednes.
What saith some foole, spende on a bone viage,
Perchaunce my wages shall pass mine heritage.
But while he spendeth till scant remayne a grote,
Home he retourneth, yea, with a threede bare coate.
His horse is so fat, that playne he is not able
To get his body nor head out of the stable.
His sworde and buckler is pledged at the bere,
And to go lighter, so is his other gere.
The rider walketh now with his bowe and arrowes,
With a fayre excuse (in hedges to kill sparowes).
And oft returning he sayde, but all to late,
Adue all courting in the deuils date.

Coridon asks whether all men be thus unpleasantly situated? he answers, the rich and powerful may gather wealth and dignity, but the poor have little chance except to be their servitors; when the Eclogue ends thus, Coridon saying:—

The more of the court that thou doest count and tell,
The lesse me liketh with it to deale or mell.

CORNIX.

What, bide Coridon, yet haste thou not heard all,
The court is in earth an ymage infernall;
Without fayre paynted, within uggly and vile,
This know they surely which there hath bene a while.
But of our purpose now for to speake agayne,
Fewe princes give that which to them selfe attayne.

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Trust me, Coridon, I tell thee by my soule,
They robbe Saint Peter therewith to cloth S. Powle.
And like as dayly we both may see and here,
Some pill* the churche, therewith to leade the quere.
While men promoted by such rapine are glad,
The wretches pilled, mourne, and be wo and sad,
And many heyres live giltlesse in distresse,
While [the] unworthy hath honour and riches.
But such vile giftes may not be true playnly,
Nor yet possessed by lawe right wisely.
And sith fewe rowmes† of lordly dignitie
Be won or holden with right and equitie,
Say what thing have they to geve by lawe and right,
Sith their chiefe treasure is won by wrongful might.
Whence come their jewels, their coyn, and cloth of price,
Save most by rapine and selling of justice,
Els of Saint Peters, or Christes patrimony.
Nowe fewe be founders, but confounders many.
These be no giftes true, honest nor laudable,
Neyther to the gever nor taker profitable.
These men call giftes of none utilitie,
Which thus proceedeth of false iniquitie.
Then leave we this vice while all good men it hate,
For covetous with coyne be never saciate.
I hearde syr Sampson‡ say but this other day,
That Jerome and Seneca do both this sentence say,
That covetous wretches not onely want that thing
Which they never had in title nor keeping,
But that which they have also they want and fayle,
Sith they it having of it have none avayle,
And as I remember, olde Codrus sayde also,

* Rob. † Places, offices. ‡ The parish priest.

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That golde nought helpeth when we must hence go,
Scant have we pleasure of it while we here tary,
And none can his store nor glory with him cary.
Thus ought we to live as having all in store,
But nought possessing, or caring nought therefore.
What should christen men seeke farther for riches?
Having foode and cloth it is ynough doubtlesse.
And these may our lorde geve unto us truely,
Without princes service or courtly misery.
Thus finde we in court playne no riches at all,
Or els finde we such with care continuall.
That it were better no riches to have founde,
Then for false treasure in thraldome to be bound.

CORIDON.

Looke up, mate Cornix, beholde into the west,
These windy cloudes us threatneth some tempest.
My clothes be thin, my shepe be shorne newe,
Suche storm might fall that both might after rewe.
Drive we our flockes unto our poore cotage,
To morowe of court we may have more language.
This day haste thou tolde and proved openly
That all such courtiers do live in misery.
Which serve in the court for honour, laude or fame,
And might or power, thou proved haste this same:
And that all they live deepest in distresse
Which serve there to win vayne treasour and riches.
As for the other two, and if ought more remayne,
Thou mayest tell to morowe when we turne agayne.

CORNIX.

I graunt, Coridon; take up thy bottell sone,
Lesse is the burthen nowe that the drinke is done.
Lo here is a sport, our bottell is contrary
To a cowes utter, and I shall tell thee why;

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With a full utter retourneth home the cowe,
So doth not the bottell as it appereth nowe.
Coridon, we must haste in our journey make,
Or els shall the storme us and our shepe overtake.

The second eclogue takes up the argument where it was last left, and proposes to speak of the court, and

"———what pleasure is there sene
With the fyve wittes, beginning at the eyne."

To which Coridon answers, that such pleasures must most abound there; which is thus contradicted by Cornix; and a long and interesting dialogue of a courtier's life entered on, affording a curious picture of the courts of the middle ages and their discomfort, which runs thus:—

Nay, there hath the sight no manner of pleasaunce,
And that shall I prove long time or it be night.
Some men deliteth beholding men to fight,
Or goodly knightes in pleasaunt apparayle,
Or sturdie souldiers in bright harnes and male,
Or an army arayde ready to the warre,
Or to see them fight, so that he stande afarre.
Some glad is to see these ladies beauteous
Goodly appoynted in clothing sumpteous:
A number of people appoynted in like wise
In costly clothing after the newest gise,
Sportes, disgising, fayre coursers mount and praunce,
Or goodly ladies and knightes sing and daunce,
To see fayre houses and curious picture,

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Or pleasaunt hanging, or sumpteous vesture
Of silke, of purpure or golde moste orient,
And other clothing divers and excellent,
Hye curious buildinges or palaces royall,
Or chapels, temples fayre and substanciall,
Images graven or vaultes curious,
Gardeyns and medowes, or place delicious,
Forestes and parkes well furnished with dere,
Colde pleasaunt streames or welles fayre and clere,
Curious cundites or shadowie mountaynes,
Swete pleasaunt valleys, laundes or playnes,
Houndes, and suche other thinges manyfolde
Some men take pleasour and solace to beholde.
But all these pleasoures be much more jocounde
To private persons which not to court be bounde,
Then to suche other whiche of necessitie
Are bounde to the court as in captivitie;
For they which be bounde to princes without fayle
When they must nedes be present in battayle,
There shall they not be at large to see the sight,
But as souldiours in the middest of the fight,
To runne here and there sometime his foe to smite,
And oftetimes wounded, herein is small delite.
And more muste he think his body to defende,
Then for any pleasour about him to intende,
And oft is he faynt and beaten to the grounde,
I trowe in suche sight small pleasour may be founde.
As for fayre ladies, clothed in silke and golde,
In court at thy pleasour thou canst not beholde,
At thy princes pleasour thou shalt them onely see,
Then suche shalt thou see which little set by thee,
Whose shape and beautie may so inflame thine heart,
That thought and langour may cause thee for to smart.

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For a small sparcle may kindle love certayne,
But scantly Severne may quench it clene agayne;
And beautie blindeth and causeth man to set
His hearte on the thing which he shall never get.
To see men clothed in silkes pleasauntly
It is small pleasour, and ofte causeth envy.
While thy leane jade halteth by thy side,
To see another upon a courser ride,
Though he be neyther gentleman nor knight,
Nothing is thy fortune, thy hart can not be light.
As touching sportes and games of pleasaunce,
To sing, to revell, and other daliaunce:
Who that will truely upon his lorde attende,
Unto suche sportes he seldome may entende.
Palaces, pictures and temples sumptuous,
And other buildinges both gay and curious,
These may marchauntes more at their pleasour see,
Then suche as in court be bounde alway to bee.
Sith kinges for moste parte passe not their regions,
Thou seest nowe cities of foreyn nations.
Suche outwarde pleasoures may the people see,
So may not courtiers for lacke of libertie.
As for these pleasours of thinges variable
Whiche in the fieldes appeareth delectable,
But seldome season mayest thou obtayne respite,
The same to beholde with pleasour and delite.
Sometime the courtier remayneth halfe the yere
Close within walles muche like a prisonere,
To make escapes some seldome times are wont,
Save when the princes have pleasour for to hunt,
Or els otherwise them selfe to recreate,
And then this pleasour shall they not love but hate:
For then shall they foorth most chiefely to their payne,

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When they in mindes would at home remayne.
Other in the frost, hayle or els snowe,
Or when some tempest or mightie wind doth blowe,
Or els in great heat and fervour excessife,
But close in houses the moste parte waste their life,
Of colour faded, and choked nere with duste:
This is of courtiers the joy and all the lust.

CORIDON.

What! yet may they sing and with fayre ladies daunce,
Both commen and laugh; herein is some pleasaunce.

CORNIX.

Nay, nay, Coridon, that pleasour is but small,
Some to contente what man will pleasour call,
For some in the daunce hir pincheth by the hande
Which gladly would see him stretched in a bande.
Some galand seketh hir favour to purchase
Which playne abhorreth for to beholde his face.
And still in daunsing moste parte inclineth she
To one muche viler and more abject then he.
No day overpasseth but that in court men finde
A thousande thinges to vexe and greve their minde;
Alway thy foes are present in thy sight,
And often so great is their degree and might
That nedes must thou kisse that hand which did thee harm,
Though thou would see it cut gladly from the arme.
And briefly to speake, if thou to court resorte,
Yf thou see one thing of pleasour or comfort,
Thou shalt see many, before or thou depart,
To thy displeasour and pensiveness of heart:
So findeth thy sight there more of bitternes
And of displeasour, then pleasour and gladnes.

CORIDON.

As touching the sight nowe see I clere and playne

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That men in the court shall finde but care and payne,
But yet me thinketh as dayly doth appeare,
That men in the court may pleasaunt thinges heare,
And by suche meanes have delectation,
While they heare tidinges and communication,
And all the chaunces and every neweltie
As well of our coste as farre beyonde the sea.
There men may heare some that common of wisdome,
For of men wisest within the court be some,
There be recounted and of men learned tolde
Famous chronicles of actes great and olde,
The worthy dedes of princes excellent,
To move young princes suche actes to frequent.
For when wise men dare not bad princes blame,
For their misliving, Minalcas sayth the same,
Of other princes then laude they the vertue,
To stirre their lordes such living to ensue.
And while they commende princes unworthily,
To be commendable they warn them secretly.
All this may courtiers in court ofte times hear,
And also songes of times swete and cleare.
The birde of Cornewall, the Crane and the Kite,
And mo other like to heare is great delite,
Warbling their tunes at pleasour and at will,
Though some be busy that therein have no skill,
There men may heare muche other melody
In sounde resembling an heavenly armony.
Is this not pleasour? me thinkes no mirth is scant
Where no rejoysing of minstrelcie doth want,
The bagpipe or fidle to us is delectable,
Then is there solace more greatly commendable.

CORNIX.

Thou art disceaved and so be many mo,

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Which for suche pleasour unto the court will go,
But for these also I muste finde remedy,
Which sue to the court for lust of melody;
They be mad fooles which to rejoyce their eares
Will live in court more dreadfull then with beares:
In stede of pleasour suche finde but hevines,
They heare small good, but much unhappines.
As touching tidinges which thou dost first abject,
There muche thinges is tolde false and of none effect,
And more displeasour shall wise men in them finde
Then joye and pleasour to comforte of their minde.
These be tidinges in Court moste commonly
Of cities taken, warre, fraude and tiranny,
Good men subdued or els by malyce slayne,
And bad in their stede have victory and reigne.
Of spoyling, murther, oppression and rapine,
How lawe and justice sore falleth to ruine.
Among the courtiers suche newelties be tolde,
And in meane season they laugh both yong and olde.
While one recounteth some dedes abhominable,
Suche other wretches repute it commendable.
But men of wisedome well learned in Scripture
Which talke of maners or secretes of nature,
Or of histories, their disputation
Is swetely saused with adulation,
They cloke the truth their princes to content,
To purchase favour and minde benevolent,
And sometime poetes or oratours ornate,
Make orisons before some great estate;
It is not so swete to heare them talking there,
Where as their mindes be troubled oft with feare,
As in the scholes, where they at libertie
Without all flattering may talke playne veritie,

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For treuly in courtes all communication
Must nedes have spice of adulation.
Suche as be giltie anone be mad and wroth
If one be so bolde playnly to say the troth,
Therefore ill livers ofte times lauded be,
And men dispraysed which love honestie.
And true histories of actes auncient
Be falsely turned some princes to content,
And namely when suche histories testifie
Blame or disworship touching his progenie.
Then newe histories be fayned of the olde,
With flattery paynted and lyes manyfolde.
Then some good scholer without promotion,
Hearing suche glosed communication,
Dare not be so bolde his lyving to gaynsay,
But laugh in his minde yet at the foole he may.
And also in the court auctours not veritable
And least of valour are counted moste laudable;
But Livius, Salust, and Quintus Curcius
Justinian, Plutarche, and Suetonius,
With these noble auctours and many suche mo,
In this time Courtiers will nothing have to do.

CORIDON.

Cornix, where hast thou these strange names sought?

CORNIX.

I sought not in youth the world all for nought:
Minstrels and singers be in the court likewise,
And that of the best and of the French gise,
Suche men with princes be sene more acceptable
Then men of wisedome and clarkes venerable;
For philosophers, poetes, and oratours,
Be seldome in court had in so great honours.
When thou fayne would here suche folkes play or sing,

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Nothing shall be done of them at thy liking,
But when it pleaseth thy prince them to call,
Their sounde ascendeth to chamber and to hall.
When thou wouldest slepe or do some busines,
Then is their musike to thee unquietnes;
Yet bide their clamour and sounde thou must,
To thy great trouble and no pleasour or lust:
This is of singers the very propertie,
Alway they coveyt desired for to be,
And when their frendes would heare of their cunning,
Then are they never disposed for to sing;
But if they begin desired of no man,
Then shewe they all and more then they can,
And never leave they till men of them be wery,
So in their conceyt their cunning they set by:
And thus when a man would gladliest them heare,
Then have they disdayne in presence to appeare,
And then when a man would take his ease and rest,
Then none can voyde them, they be in place so prest.
Yet muste thou nedes eche season principall
Rewarde suche people, els art thou nought at all,
For their displeasour to thee and paynes harde:
Lo, suche is the court, thou must geve them rewarde.
Beside this in the court men scant heare other thing
Save chiding and brauling, banning and cursing,
Eche one is busy his felowe for to blame,
There is blaspheming of God's holy name,
Devising othes with pleasour for the nonce,
And often they speake together all at once,
So many clamours use they at every tide,
That scant mayst thou heare thy felowe by thy side,
The boste their sinnes as paste the fear of shame,
Detracting other men faultie in the same.

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One laudeth his lande where he was bred and borne,
At others country having disdayne and scorne.
On eche side soundeth foule speche of ribawdry,
Vaunting and bosting of sinne and vilanny,
No measure, no maner, shame, nor reverence,
Have they in wordes in secret or presence,
A rustic ribaude, more viler than a sowe,
Hath in the court more audience than thou.
Some boke, some braule, some slaunder and backbite—
To heare suche maners can be but small delite,
Except a wretche will confourme him to that sorte,
Then in suche hearing his blindnes hath comfort.
These scabbed scolions may do and say their will,
When men of worship for very shame are still.
Who that hath wisedome would rather deafe to be,
Then dayly to heare suche vile enormitte.

CORIDON.

I see in hearing men in the court have no joye.
Yet is it pleasour to handle and to toye
With Galatea, Licoris, or Phillis,
Neera, Malkin, or lustie Testalis,
And other dames; yf coyne be in the pouche,
Men may have pleasour them for to fele and touche.
In court hath Venus hir power principall,
For women use to love them moste of all
Which boldly bosteth, or that can sing and jet,
Which are well decked with large bushes set,
Which hath the mastery ofte time in tournament,
Or that can gambauld or daunce feat and gent,
Or that can alway be mery without care,
With suche can wemen moste chiefly deale and fare:
So may these courtiers in court some pleasour win,
Onely in touching and feling their softe skinne.

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CORNIX.

Thou art abused, forsooth it is not so,
Lovers in court have moste of care and wo.
Some women love them, inflamed by vile lust,
But yet very fewe dare them beleve or trust:
For well knowe wemen that courtiers chat and bable,
They boste their sinnes, and ever be unstable,
After their pleasour, then to the olde adewe,
Then be they busy to purvay for a newe.
This knowe all wemen, some by experience,
So fewe to courtiers geve trust or confidence,
Except it be suche as forseth not hir name,
Or passeth all feare, rebuke or worldly shame,
Then suche a brothrell hir kepeth not to one,
For many courtiers ensueth hir alone.
And none shalt thou love of this sort, pardee,
But that she loveth another better then thee.
And then as often as parting felowes mete
They chide and braule though it be in the strete;
Hatred, and strife, and fighting commeth after,
Effusion of bloud, and oftentime manslaughter.
Thou canst no woman kepe streite and nigardly,
To whom many one doth promise largely.
Another shall come more freshe and gayly decte,
Then hath he favour and thou art cleane abjecte;
Then thou hast wasted thy money, name, and sede,
Then shalt thou have nought save a mocke for thy mede;
Thou art the ninth, wening to be alone,
For none of this sorte can be content with one:
Yet shall she fayne hir chast as Penelope,
Though she love twentie as well as she doth thee,
And eche for his time shall have a mery loke;
She sigheth as she great sorowe for thee toke,

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With fayned teares she moysteneth ofte thy lap,
Till time that thy purse be taken in a trap,
And if she perceive that all thy coyne is gon,
Then daunce at the doore, adewe, gentle John.
And ofte when thou goest to visite thy lemman,
With hir shalt thou finde some other joly man,
Then shall she make thee for to beleve none other
But he is hir father, hir uncle, or hir brother;
But playnly to speake, he brother is to thee,
If kinred may rise of suche iniquitie.
Agayne to hir house if that thou after come,
Then shalt thou finde that she is not at home,
But gone to some other, which for rebuke and shame
Durst not come to hir for hurting of his name.

CORIDON.

Here is a rule, this doth excede my minde,
Who would thinke this gile to be in womankinde?
But yet man, pardie, some be as good within
As they be outwarde in beautie of their skin,
Of this cursed sorte they can not be eche one,
Some be which kepe them to one lover alone,
As Penelope was to hir Ulisses.
Thinke on what Codrus recounted of Lucres,
Though she not willing was falsly violate,
With hir owne handes procured she hir fate.

CORNIX.

It were a great wonder among the women all
If none were partles* of luste venerall,
I graunt some chast what time they can not chuse,
As when all men their company refuse,
Or when she knoweth hir vice should be detect,

* Destitute. Literally *without part.*

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Then of misliving avoydeth she the sect.
And though in the worlde some women thou mayst find,
Which chastly live of their owne kinde,
Or that can kepe hir selfe onely to one,
Yet is with suche of pleasour small or none,
To hir at pleasour thou canst not resorte:
In pleasour stollen, small is the comfort,
Neyther mayst thou longe with suche one remayne,
And in shorte pleasour departing in great payne,
To hir mayst thou come but onely nowe and then,
By stealth and startes as privily as thou can.
Thy love and thy lorde mayst thou not serve together,
If so, thy wit is distract thou wot not whither;
Thy lorde doth chalenge to him thy whole service,
And the same doth love chalenge in like wise.
Not onely it is harde in the court to save
Thy leman chast with hir pleasour to have,
But also it is extreme difficultie
Thine owne wife in court to kepe in chastitie,
For flattering woers on every side appeare,
And lustie galandes of fayre dissimuled cheare:
Some promis golde and giftes great and small,
Some hastie galande is yet before them all,
So many woers, baudes and brokers,
Flatterers, liers, and hastie proferers
Be alway in court, that chast Penelope
Coulde scant among them preserve hir chastitie.
So great temptation no woman may resist,
If heavenly power hir might do not assist,
For craft and coyne, flattery and instaunce,
Turneth chast mindes to vile misgovernaunce.
Though she be honest yet muste thou leave thy love,
Sith princes courtes continually remove,

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Then whether she be thy wife or thy concubine,
Hir care and dolour is great, and so is thine:
For neyther mayest thou with hir abide,
Nor lede hir with thee, or kepe hir by thy side.
When thou art gone, if she behinde remayne,
Then feare thee troubleth with torment and with payne,
Because that the minde of woman is unstable,
Alway thou doubtest least she be changeable,
And I assure thee if man be out of sight
The minde of woman to returne is very light,
Once out of sight and shortly out of minde,
This is their maner, appeare they never so kinde.
Adde to all these scorne and derision
Which thou mayst suffer, and great suspection,
Infamy, slaunder, and privie jelosie,
These muste thou suffer without all remedy,
And other daungers mo then a man can thinke,
While other slepeth the lover scant doth winke,
Who hath these proved shall none of them desire,
For children brent still after drede the fire:
Sith that these thinges to all men be grevous,
They be to courtes yet moste dammagious,
Moste paynefull, noyous, and playnely importable,
In court them feling hath nothing delectable.

CORIDON.

I see the pleasour of touching is but small,
I thought it hony, I see nowe it is gall.
Now speake on, Cornix, I pray thee brefely tell,
What joye have courtiers in tasting or in smell;
For these two wittes in court be recreate,
Els many wretches be there infatuate.

CORNIX.

The smell and tasting partly conjoyned be,

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And part disjoyned as I shall tell to thee:
For while we receyve some meates delicate,
The smell and tasting then both be recreate,
The fragraunt odour and oyntment of swete floure
Onely deliteth the smelling with dolour.
Of meat delicious gone is the smell and tast
When it is chewed and through the gorge past;
But they which in mouth have pleasour principall,
Are beastly fooles and of living brutall.
The famous shephearde whom Nero did behede,
Them greatly blameth which beastly use to fede,
Whiche for their wombe chiefe care and labour take,
And of their bellies are wont their God to make.

CORIDON.

A God of the wombe, that heard I never ere.

CORNIX.

Coridon, thou art not to olde for to lere,
I playnly shall nowe declare for thy sake,
How beastly gluttons a god of their wombes make:
To God are men wont temples to edifie,
And costly auters to ordeyne semblably,
To ordeyne ministers to execute service,
To offer beastes by way of sacrifice,
To burne in temples well smelling incence:
Gluttons to the wombe do all this reverence.

CORIDON.

They and their goddes come to confusion,
Which forgeth idols by suche abusion,
But procede, Cornix; tell in wordes playne,
Howe all thinges they to the wombe ordeyne
Which is in temple the aulter and incence,
And the ministers to do their diligence,
Within the temple to kepe alway service,
And to the belly which is the sacrifice.

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CORNIX.

To god of the belly gluttons a temple make
Of the smoky kitchin, for temple it they take,
Within this temple minister bawdy cookes,
And yong scolions with fendes of their lookes ;
The solemne aulter is the boorde or table,
With dishes charged twentie in a rable ;
The beastes offred in sacrifice or hoste
In divers sortes of sodden and of roste ;
The sawse is insence, or of the meate the smell,
And of this temple these be the vessell :
Platters and dishes, morter and potcrokes,*
Pottes and pestels, brochest and fleshe hokes,
And many mo els then I can count or tell,
They know them best which with the kitchen mell,
For God of the wombe this service they prepare,
As for their true God full little is their care.

CORIDON.

This life is beastly and utterly damnable.

CORNIX.

But yet it is now reputed commendable.
Princes and commons and many of religion
Unto this temple have chefe devotion,
To cookes and taverners some earlier frequent
Then unto the service of God omnipotent,
First serve the belly, then after serve our Lorde,
Suche is the worlde though it do ill accorde,
And suche as deliteth in beastly gluttony
Foloweth the court, supposing stedfastly
With meat and with drinke to stuffe well the paunch,
Whose luste insatiate no flood of hell can staunch.

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* Pothooks. † Spits.

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And for that princes use costly meat and wine,
These fooles suppose to fede them with as fine,
To eate and drinke as swete and delicate
As doth their princes or other great estate.
Likewise as flyes do folowe and thick swarme
About fat paunches unto their utter harme;
So suche men as have in gluttony comfort
To lordes kitchins moste busely resorte;
With hungry throtes yet go they ofte away,
And ofte have the flyes much better part then they.

CORIDON.

Then tell on, Cornix, what comfort and pleasour
Men finde in court in tasting and savour;
With meat and drinke howe they their wombes fill,
And whether they spede at pleasour and at will.

CORNIX.

To eate and to drinke then is moste joye and luste
When men be hungry and greved sore with thurst;
But ofte unto noon muste thou abide respite,
Then turned is hunger to dogges appetite;
For playne wood hungry* that time is many one,
That some would gladly be gnawing of a bone,
On which vile curres hath gnawen on before,
His purse is empty and hunger is so sore;
Or some by feblenes and weery tarying
Lese their appetite that they can eate nothing.
Some other hath eaten some bread and chese before,
That at their diner they list to eate no more,
Their stomake stopped and closed with some crust,
From them hath taken their appetite and lust.
Then other courtiers, of maners bestiall,

* Madly hungry.

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With greedy mouthes devoureth more than all.
Thus some at rising be fuller then be swine,
And some for hunger agayne may sit and dine.
Sometime together must thou both dine and sup,
And sometime thou dinest before the sunne be up;
But if thou refuse to eat before day light,
Then must thou tary and fast till it be night;
To eate and to drinke then is it small delite
When no digestion hath stirred appetite.
Agayne thou art set to supper all to late,
All thing hath season which men of court not hate,
For never shall thy meate be set to thee in season,
Whereof procedeth much sore vexation;
Ofte age intestate departed sodenly,
And lustie galandes departeth semblably;*
Hereof procedeth the vomite and the stone,
And other sicknes, many mo than one.
Sometime is the wine soure, watery, and so bad,
That onely the colour might make a man be mad;
Colde without measure, or hote as horse pis,
Bad is the colour, the savour badder is:
But if in the court thou drinke both beare and ale,
Then is the colour troubled, blacke and pale.
Thinke not to drinke it in glasse, silver or golde,
The one may be stollen, the other can not holde,
Of a trene vesell† then must thou nedely drinke,
Olde, blacke and rustie, lately taken fro some sinke;
And in suche vessell drinke shalt thou often time,
Which in the bottom is full of filth and slime,
And of that vessell thou drinkest ofte I wis,
In which some states or dames late did pis:

* Similarly.

† Wooden vessel.

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Yet shalt thou not have a cup at thy delite
To drinke of alone at will and appetite.
Coridon, in court I tell thee by my soule,
For moste parte thou muste drinke of a common boule,
And where gresy lippes and slimy bearde
Hath late bene dipped to make some mad afearde,
On that side muste thou thy lippes washe also,
Or els without drinke from diner muste thou go.
In the meane season olde wine and dearly bought,
Before thy presence shall to thy prince be brought,
Whose smell and odour so swete and marvelous
With fragrant savour inbaumeth all the house;
As Muscadell, Caprike, Romney and Malvesy,
From Gene* brought, from Greece or Hungary;
Suche shall he drinke, suche shall to him be brought,—
Thou haste the savour, thy parte of it is nought;
Though thou shouldest perishe for very ardent thirst,
No drop thou gettest for to eslake thy lust;
And though good wines sometime to thee be brought,
The taste of better shall cause it to be nought.
Oft wouldest thou drinke yet darest thou not sup,
Till time thy better have tasted of the cup.
No cup is filled till diner halfe be done,
And some ministers it counteth then to sone;
But if thou begin for drinke to call and crave,
Thou for thy calling such good rewarde shalte have,
That men shall call thee malapart or dronke,
Or an abbey lowne† or limnier‡ of a monke.
But with thy rebuke yet art thou never the nere,
Whether thou demaunde wine, palled ale or beare,
Yet shalt thou not drinke when thou hast nede and thirst,

---

* Genoa. † Lazy, idle fellow. ‡ Rascal.

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The cup muste thou spare ay for the better lust.
Through many handes shall passe the pece or cup,
Before or it come to thee is all dronke up ;
And then if a droppe or two therin remayne,
To licke the vessell sometime thou art full fayne.
And then at the ground some filth if thou espy
To blame the butler thou gettest but envy.
And as men wekely newe holy water power,
And once in a yere the vessell use to scoure,
So cups and tankardes in court as thou mayest thinke,
Wherein the commons are used for to drinke,
Are once in the yere empty and made cleane,
And scantly that well, as oftentime is sene.
For to aske water thy wines to allay
Thou finde shalt no nede if thou before assaye,
With rinsing of cuppes it tempered is before
Because pure water perchaunce is not in store.

CORIDON.

Fye on this maner, suche service I defy,
I see that in court is uncleane penury :
Yet here, though our drinke be very thin and small,
We may therof plenty have when we do call,
And in cleane vessell we drinke therof, pardee ;
Take here the bottle, Cornix, assay and see.

CORNIX.

Then call for the priest* when I refuse to drinke;
This ale brewed Bently, it maketh me to winke.

CORIDON.

Thou sayest true, Cornix ; beleve me, by the rood
No hande is so sure that can alway make good;
But talke of the court if thou hast any more ;

* Send for the priest, that I may prepare to die.

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Set down the bottle, save some licour in store.

CORNIX.

God blesse the brewer, well cooled is my throte.
Nowe might I for nede sing hier by a note,
It is bad water that can not allay dust,
And very soure ale that can not quench thirst.
Nowe rowleth my tonge, now chat I without payne,
Nowe heare me, I enter into the courte agayne.
Beholde in the court on common table clothes
So vile and ragged that some his diner lothes;
Touche them, then shall they unto thy fingers cleve,
And then muste thou wipe thy handes on thy sleve.
So he which dayly fareth in this gise,
Is so imbrued and noynted in such wise,
That as many men as on his skirtes looke
Count him a scoleon or els a greesy cooke.

CORIDON.

Yet Cornix, agayne all courting I defye,
More clennes is kept within some hogges stye;
But yet, mate Cornix, all be not thus I wene,
For some table clothes be kept white and clene,
Finer then silke, and chaunged every day.

CORNIX.

Coridon, forsooth it is as thou doest say,
But these be thinges moste chiefe and principall,
Onely reserved for greatest men of all:
As for other clothes which serve the commontie,
Suche as I tolde thee or els viler be,
And still remayne they unto the plank cleving,
So black, so baudie, so foule and ill seming,
Of sight and of scent so vile and abhominable,
Till scant may a man discerne them from the table.
But nowe heare what meate there nedes eate thou must,

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And then if thou mayst to it apply thy lust:
Thy meate in the court is neyther swanne nor heron,
Curlewe nor crane, but course beefe and mutton,
Fat porke or vele, and namely such as is bought
For Easter price,* when they be leane and nought.
Thy fleshe is restie or leane, tough and olde,
Or it come to borde unsavery and colde,
Sometime twise sodden, and cleane without taste,
Saused with coles and ashes all for haste:
When thou it eatest it smelleth so of smoke,
That every morsell is able one to choke.
Make hunger thy sause be thou never so nice,
For there shalt thou finde none other kinde of spice.
Thy potage is made with wedes and with ashes,
And betwene thy teeth oft time the coles crashes,
Sometime halfe sodden is bothe thy fleshe and broth;
The water and hearbes together be so wroth
That eche goeth aparte, they can not well agree,
And ofte be they salte as water of the sea.
Seldome at chese hast thou a little licke,
And if thou ought have, within it shall be quicke,
All full of magots, and like to the raynebowe,
Of divers colours, as red, grene and yelowe,
On eche side gnawen with mise or with rattes,
Or with vile wormes, with dogges or with cattes;
Uncleane and scorvy, and harde as the stone,
It loketh so well thou wouldest it were gone.
If thou have butter, then shall it be as ill
Or worse than thy chese, but hunger hath no skill;
And when that egges halfe hatched be almost,
Then are they for thee layde in the fire to rost.

* At a cheap rate, flesh being then at a discount.

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If thou have peares or apples, be thou sure
Then be they suche as might no longer endure ;
And if thou none eate, they be so good and fine
That after diner they serve for the swine.
Thy oyle for frying is for the lampes mete,
A man it choketh the savour is so swete,
A cordwayners shop and it have equall sent,
Suche payne and penaunce accordeth best to Lent :
Suche is of this oyle the savour perilous,
That it might serpentes drive out of an house ;
Oftetime it causeth thy stomake to reboke,
And ofte it is ready thee sodenly to choke.
Of fishe in some court thy chefe and used dishe
Is whiting, hearing, saltfishe and stockfishe ;
If the daye be solemne perchaunce thou mayst fele
The taste and the sapour of tenche or ele ;
Their muddy sapour shall make thy stomake ake,
And as for the ele is cousin to a snake,
But if better fishe or any dishes more
Come to thy parte it nought was before,
Corrupt, ill smelling, and five dayes olde,
For sent thou canst not receyve it if thou would.
Thy bread is blacke, of ill sapour and taste,
And harde as a flint because thou none should waste,
That scant be thy teeth able it to breake ;
Dippe it in potage if thou no shift can make ;
And though white and browne be both at one price,
With browne shalt thou fede least white might make
thee nice.
The lordes will alway that people note and see
Betwene them and servauntes some diversitie ;
Though it to them turne to no profite at all,
If they have pleasour the servaunt shall have small.

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Thy dishes be one, continuing the yere,
Thou knowest what meat before thee shall appeare,
This slaketh great parte of luste and pleasour,
Which asketh daynties moste divers of sapour.
On one dishe dayly nedes shalt thou blowe,
Till thou be all wery as dogge of the bowe;
But this might be suffred may fortune easily,
If thou sawe not sweter meates to passe by;
For this unto courtiers moste commonly doth hap,
That while they have browne bread and chese in their lap,
On it faste gnawing as houndes ravenous,
Anone by them passeth of meate delicious,
And costly dishes a score may they tell;
Their greedy gorges are rapt with the smell;
The deynteous dishes which passe through the hall,
It were great labour for me to name them all;
And Coridon, all if I would, it were but shame
For simple shepheardes such daynties to name.
With browne bread and chese the shepheard is content,
And scant see we fishe paste once in the Lent,
And other seasons softe chese is our food,
With butter and creame, then is our diner good;
And milke is our mirth and speciall appetite,
In apples and plommes also is our delite.
These fill the belly although we hunger sore,
When man hath inough what nedeth him have more,
But when these courtiers sit on the benches idle,
Smelling those dishes, they bite upon the bridle,
And then is their payne and anger fell as gall,
When all passeth by and they have nought at all.
What fishe is of savour swete and delicious
While thou sore hungrest thy prince hath plenteous;
Rosted or sodden in swete hearbes or wine,

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Or fried in oyle moste saporous and fine,
Suche fishe to beholde and none therof to taste,
Pure envy causeth thy heart nere to brast;
Then seing his dishes of fleshe newe agayne,
Thy minde hath torment yet with muche great payne,
Well mayst thou smell the pasties of a hart
And dyvers daynties, but nought shall be thy parte.
The crane, the fesant, the pecocke and curlewe,
The partriche, plover, bittor* and heronsewe,†
Eche birde of the ayre and beastes of the grounde
At princes pleasour shalt thou beholde abounde,
Seasoned so well in licour redolent
That the hall is full of pleasaunt smell and scent:
To see suche dishes and smell the swete odour,
And nothing to taste is utter displeasour.

CORIDON.

Yes, somewhat shall come who can his time abide,
And thus may I warne my felowe by my side:
What! eate softe, Dromo! and have not so great hast,
For shortly we shall some better morsell taste;
Softe, man, and spare thou a corner of thy belly,
Anone shall be sent us some little dishe of jelly,
A legge of a swan, a partriche or twayne.

CORNIX.

Nay, nay, Coridon, thy biding is in vayne,
Thy thought shall vanishe, suche dishes be not small,
For common courtiers of them have nought at all;
To thy next felowe some morsell may be sent
To thy displeasour, great anguishe and torment,
Wherby in thy minde thou mayst suspect and trowe

* Bittern.

† A young heron, from whence comes the corrupted proverb, "he can't tell a hawk from a *handsaw* (heronshaw)."

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Him more in favour and in conceipt then thou.
And sometime to thee is sent a little crap
With savour therof to take thee in the trap,
Not to allay thy hunger and desire,
But by the swetenes to set thee more on fire.
Beside all this sorowe increased is thy payne,
When thou beholdest before thy lorde payne mayne,
A baker chosen and waged well for thy,
That onely he should that busines apply;
If thou one manchet dare handle or els touche,
Because of duetie to thrust it in thy pouche,
Then shall some sloven thee dashe on the eare,
Thou shrinkest for shame, thy bread leaving there.

CORIDON.

My bagge full of stones and hooke in my hande,
Should geve me a courage suche boldly to withstand.

CORNIX.

Not so, Coridon, they fare like to curres,
Together they cleve more fast then do burres;
Though eche one with other ofte chide, braule, and fight,
Agaynst a poore stranger they shewe all their might.
It is a great mastery for thee, Coridon, alone
To strive or contende with many mo then one,
A strawe for thy wisdome and arte liberall,
For favour and coyne in court worketh all.
Thy princes apples be swete and orient,
Suche as Minalcas unto Amintas sent,
Or suche as Agros did in his keping holde,
Of fragrant sapour and colour like pure golde,
In favour of whom thou onely haste delite,
But if thou should dye no morsell shalt thou bite.
His chese is costly, fat, pleasaunt, and holesome,
Though thy teeth water thou eatest not a crume.

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Upon the sewer well mayst thou gase and gape,
While he is filled thy hunger is a jape.
Before thy soveraygne shall the kerver stande
With divers gesture, his knife in his hande
Dismembring a crane, or somewhat deynteous:
And though his parsell be fat and plenteous,
Though unto divers thou see him cut and kerve,
Thou gettest no gobbet though thou shuld dye and sterve;
In all that thy sight hath delectation,
Thy greedy tasting hath great vexation.
What man will beleve that in such wretched thing,
A courtier may finde his pleasure or living.
What man is he but rather would assent
That in such living is anguish and torment.
May not this torment be well compared thus
Unto the torment of wretched Tantalus?
Which, as said Faustus, whose saying I may thinke,
In floud and fruites may neither eate nor drinke:
Auncient poetes this Tantalus do fayne
In hell condemned to suffer such payne,
That up to the chin in water doth he stande,
And to his upper lip reache apples a thousande,
But when he would drinke, the water doth descende,
And when he would eate the apples do ascende;
So both fruite and water them keepeth at a stent,
In middes of pleasures have courtiers like torment.
But nowe to the table for to retourne agayne,
There hast thou yet another grievous payne:
That when other talke and speake what they will,
Thou dare not whisper, but as one dombe be still.
And if thou ought speake privy or apert,
Thou art to busy, and called malepert.

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If thou call for ought by worde, signe or becke,
Then Jacke with the bush* shal taunt thee with a chek.
One reacheth thee bread with grutch and murmuring,
If thou of some other demaunde any thing,
He hath at thy asking great scorne and disdayne,
Because that thou sittest while he standeth in payne.
Sometime the servauntes be blinde and ignorant,
And spye not what thinge upon the borde doth want,
If they see a fault they will it not attende,
By negligent scorne disdayning it to mende.
Sometime thou wantest eyther bread or wine,
But nought dare thou aske if thou should never dine.
Demaunde salt, trencher, spone, or other thing,
Then art thou importune, and evermore craving:
And so shall thy name be spread to thy payne,
For at thee shall all have scorne and disdayne.
Sometime art thou yrked† of them at the table,
But muche more art thou of the serving rable.
The hungry servers which at the table stande
At every morsell hath eye unto thy hande,
So much on thy morsell distract is their minde,
They gape when thou gapest, oft biting the winde,
Because that thy leavings is onely their part.
If thou feede thee well, sore grieved is their heart;
Namely of a dish costly and deynteous,
Eche pece that thou cuttest to them is tedious.
Then at the cupborde one doth another tell,
"See how he feedeth like the devill of hell,
Our part he eateth, nought good shall we tast;"
Then pray they to God that it be thy last.

---

* A "Jack in office." † Troubled, annoyed.

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CORIDON.

I had lever, Cornix, go supperlesse to bed,
Then at such a feast to be so bested,
Better is it with chese and bread one to fill,
Then with great dayntie with anger and ill will.
Or a small handfull with rest and sure pleasaunce,
Then twentie dishes with wrathful countenaunce.

CORNIX.

That can Amintas recorde and testify.
But yet is in court more payne and misery.
Brought in be dishes the table for to fill,
But not one is brought in order at thy will:
That thou would have first and lovest principall
Is brought to the borde ofte times last of all.
With breade and rude meate when thou art saciate,
Then commeth dishes moste swete and delicate.
Then must thou eyther despise them utterly,
Or to thy hurte surfet, ensuing gluttony.
But if it fortune, as seldome doth befall,
That at beginning come dishes best of all,
Or thou haste tasted a morsell or twayne,
Thy dish out of sight is taken soon agayne.
Slowe be the servers in serving in alway,
But swifte be they after taking thy meate away.
A speciall custome is used them among,
No good dish to suffer on borde to be longe.
If the dishe be pleasaunt, eyther fleshe or fishe,
Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe,
And if it be fleshe, ten knives shalt thou see
Mangling the flesh and in the platter flee:
To put there thy handes is perill without fayle,
Without a gauntlet or els a glove of mayle.
Among all these knives thou one of both must have,

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Or els it is harde thy fingers whole to save:
Oft in such dishes in court is it seene
Some leve their fingers, eche knife is so kene.
On a finger gnaweth some hasty glutton,
Supposing it is a piece of biefe or mutton.
Beside these in court mo paynes shalt thou see,
At borde be men set as thicke as they may be,
The platters shall passe oft times to and fro,
And over the shoulders and head shall they go;
And oft all the broth and licour fat,
Is spilt on thy gowne, thy bonet, and thy hat.
Sometime art thou thrust for little rowme and place,
And sometime thy felowe reboketh in thy face.
Betwene dish and dish is tary tedious,
But in the meane time thogh thou have payne grevous,
Neyther mayest thou rise, cough, spit, or neese,
Or take other easement, least thou thy name may lese,
For such as this wise to ease them are wont
In number of rascoldes courtiers them count.
Of meate is none hour, nor time of certentie,
Yet from beginning absent if thou be,
Eyther shalt thou lose thy meat and kisse the post,
Or if by favour thy supper be not lost,
Thou shalt at the least way rebukes soure abide
For not attending and fayling of thy tide.
Onions or garlike, which stamped Testilis,
Nor yet sweete leekes mayst thou not eate y-wis.

CORIDON.

What! forsake garlike, leekes, and butter sweete?
Nay, rather would I go to Ely on my feete,
We count these deynties and meates very good,
These be chiefe dishes, and rurall men's foode.

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CORNIX.

Who court frequenteth must love the dishes sweete,
And lordes dishes to him are nothing mete.
As for our meates they maye not eate I thinke,
Because great lordes may not abide the stinke.
But yet the lordes siege and rurall mens ordure
Be like of savour for all their meates pure.
As for common meates, of them pleasure is small,
Because one service of them continuall
Allayeth pleasure, for voluptuositie
Will have of dishes chaunge and diversitie;
And when thou haste smelled meate more delicious,
Thy course dayly fare to thee is tedious.
Now judge, Coridon, if herein be pleasour,
Me thinke it anguish, sorowe, and dolour,
Continuall care and utter misery,
Affliction of hearte and wretched penury.
But many fooles thinke it is nothing so,
While they see courtiers outwarde so gayly go,
The coursers, servauntes, cloth, silver and golde,
And other like thinges delite they to beholde:
But nought they regarde the inward misery
Which them oppresseth in court continually.
And as saith Seneca, some count them fortunate,
Which outwarde appere well clothed or ornate,
But if thou behelde their inwarde wretchednes,
Their daily trouble, their fruitlesse busynes,
Then would they count them both vile and miserable,
Their rowme and office both false and disceyvable.
For like as men paynt olde walles ruinous,
So be they paynted, their life contrarious;
And therefore all they which serve in court gladly
For taste or smelling, or spice of gluttony,

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Have life more wretched then burges or merchant,
Which with their wives have love and life pleasant.
Shepherdes have not so wretched lives as they,
Though they live poorely on cruddes, chese, and whey,
On apples, plummes, and drinke clere water deepe,
As it were lordes reigning among their sheepe.
The wretched lazar with clinking of his bell,
Hath life which doth the courters life excell;
The caytif begger hath meate and libertie,
When courters hunger in harde captivitie.
The poore man beggeth nothing hurting his name,
As touching courters, they dare not beg for shame.
And an olde proverb is sayde by men moste sage,
That oft yonge courters be beggers in their age.
Thus all those wretches which do the court frequent,
Bring not to purpose their mindes nor intent;
But if their mindes and will were saciate,
They are not better therby nor fortunate.
Then all be fooles (concluding with this clause)
Which with glad mindes use courting for such cause.

Coridon now declares himself satisfied of "the paynes manyfolde" endured by courtiers; but Cornix assures him he has not yet told all, and recounts the trouble good men meet with when they intend only to benefit the weak and distressed, and the enmity they raise against themselves, which renders them powerless for good, while they run the risk of becoming as bad as the rest. Coridon concludes the eclogue by saying:—

Thou hast me saved by councell sapient
Out of hell mouth, and manyfolde torment.

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The third eclogue commences with Coridon's complaint of having had a bad night's sleep and an ill dream :—

Methought in the court I taken was in trap,
And there sore handled, God give it an ill hap ;
Me thought the scullians, like fendes of their lookes,
Came forthe with whittles, some other with fleshhokes.
Methought that they stoode eche one about me thicke,
With knives ready for to flay me quicke.

And he assures his mate he is now so very sleepy, that he cannot keep awake, unless he will continue to "talke of some matters agayne, for God's sake." Cornix proposes to continue his discourse of courts. Coridon asks, in astonishment, if he has not told all? Cornix answers, "not by a thousand folde"; and proposes to continue his tale; which is agreed on, and he then says :—

Because that of sleeping was our first commoning,
Heare nowe what paynes have courtiers in sleeping ;
They oftentime sleepe full wretchedly in payne,
And lye all the night forth in colde, winde, and rayne ;
Sometime in bare strawe, on bordes, ground, or stones,
Till both their sides ake, and all their bones.
And when that one side aketh and is wery,
Then turne the other, lo here a remedy.
Or els must he rise and walke himselfe a space,
Till time his joyntes be settled in their place.
But if it fortune thou lye within some towne,

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In bed of fethers, or els of easy downe,
Then make thee ready for flyes, and for gnattes,
For lise, for fleas, punaises, mise, and rattes.
These shall with biting, with stinking, din, and sound,
Make thee worse easement, then if thou lay on ground.
And never in the court shalt thou have bed alone,
Save when thou wouldest moste gladly lye with one.
Thy shetes shal be uncleane, ragged, and rent,
Lothly unto sight, but lothlyer to cent,
In which some other departed late before
Of the pestilence, or of some other sore.
Such a bedfelowe men shall to thee assigne,
That it were better to slepe among the swine,
So foule and scabbed, of harde pimples so thin,
That a man might grate harde crustes on his skin,
And all the night longe shall he his sides grate,
Better lye on grounde then lye with such a mate.
One cougheth so fast, another's breath doth stinke,
That during the night scant mayest thou get a winke.
Sometime a leper is 'signed to thy bed,
Or with other sore one grevously bested.
Sometime thy bedfelowe is colder then is yse,
To him then he draweth thy cloathes with a trice:
But if he be hote, by fevers then shall he
Cast all the cloathes and coverlet on thee.
Eyther is thy felowe alway to thee grievous,
Or els to him art thou alway tedious.
And sometime these courtiers them more to incumber,
Slepe all in one chamber nere twenty in number.
Then it is great sorowe for to abide their shoute,
Some fart, some flingeth, and other snort and route;
Some boke, and some bable, some commeth dronk to bed,
Some braule, and some jangle when they be beastly fed;

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Some laugh, and some crye, eche man will have his wil,
Some spue, and some pisse, not one of them is still.
Never be they still till middes of the night,
And then some brawleth and for their beddes fight.
And oft art thou 'signed to lodge nere the stable,
Then there shalt thou heare of rascoldes a rable,
Sometime shalt thou heare how they eche other smite,
The neying of the horses, and how eche other bite.
Never shalt thou knowe thy lodging or thy neste,
Till all thy betters be setled and at rest.
In innes be straungers and gestes many one,
Of courtiers lives make there conclusion,
And where they be knowen of neither man or wife,
Oft time courtiers there ende their wretched life;
Then shall the hostler be their executour,
Or suche other ribaude shall that was his devour;
Making the tapster come gay and feate,
His shirt, his doublet, or bonet to excheate,
For flesh that he bought and payde nought therefore,
Then is she extreame, for he shall come no more.
But in a common in, if that thou lodge or lye,
Thou never canst lay up thy gere so privily,
But eyther it is stollen, or chaunged with a thought,
And for a good thou haste a thing of nought.
For some arrant thieves shall in the chamber lye,
And while thou sleepest they rise shall privily:
All if thou thy pouche under thy pillowe lay,
Some one crafty searcher thereat shall have assay.
Baudes and brothels, and flattering tapsters,
Jugglers and pipers, and scurvy wayfarers,
Flatterers and hostlers, and other of this sect,
Are busy in thy chamber, chatting with none effect;
With brauling they enter first pagiant to play,

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That nought mayest thou here what wiser men do say:
Such is their shouting that scantly thou mayst here
The secrete felowe, which by thy side is nere.
But rurall flimmers,* and other of our sort,
Unto thy lodging, or court when they resort,
They chat, they bable, and all but of the wombe,†
More pert and more pievish then they wold be at home,
Though thou would slepe, induring all the night,
Some sing, some mourne their lemman out of sight:
Some sing of Bessy, and some of Nan or Cate,
Namely when licour disturbed hath the pate.
The brothell boteman and wretched laborer
Cease not to singe, be vitayle never so dere.
Who can with such have quietnes or rest?
But if thou with slepe at last be opprest,
And that sore labours to sleepe thee constrayne,
Rumour thee rayseth, and wakeneth agayne.
On morning when thou might sleepe moste quietly,
Then must thou arise, there is no remedy.
For what time thy lorde unto his horse is prest,
Then ought no servaunt lye in his bed at rest.

CORIDON.

Nowe, Cornix, I see that with a brauling wife,
Better were to bide continuing my life,
And to heare children crying on every side,
Then thus in the court this clamour to abide.

CORNIX.

No doubt, Coridon, but heare more misery,
Which in their lodging have courtiers commonly;
Men must win the marshall or els herbegere,‡
With price or with prayer, els must thou stand arere;

* Common people. † Blurt out everything. ‡ Harbinger.

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And rewarde their knaves must thou if thou be able,
For to assigne the a lodging tollerable,
And though they promise, yet shall they nought fulfill,
But poynt the place nothing after thy will:
Eyther nere a privy, a stable, or a sinke,
For cent and for clamour where thou can have no wink,
After thy rewarde they shall thee so menace,
That malgre thy teeth thou must resigne the place;
And that to some one which is thy enemy,
If they be pleased there is no remedy.
But yet for certayne it were thing tollerable
To becke and to bowe to persons honorable,
As to the marshall, or yet the herbegere,
Or gentle persons which unto them be nere;
But this is a worke, a trouble and great payne,
Sometime must thou stoupe unto a rude vilayne.
Calling him master, and oft clawe his hande,
Although thou would see him waver in a bande.*
For if thou live in court, thou must rewarde this rable,
Cookes and scoliens, and farmers of the stable,
Butlers and butchers, provenders, and bakers,
Porters and poulers,* and specially false takers:
On these and all like spare must thou none expence,
But mekely with mede bye their benevolence.
But namely of all it is a grievous payne
To abide the porter, if he be a vilayne;
Howe often times shall he the gates close
Against thy stomake, thy forehead, or thy nose;
Howe often times when thy one fote is in,
Shall he by malice thrust thee out by the chin.
Sometime his staffe, sometime his clubbishe feete

* Hang in a halter. † Barbers.

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Shal drive thee backward, and twine thee to the streete,
What he then sayth, comming if he sit,
Howe often times shall he the gates shit,
For very pleasure and joy of thy comming,
The gate he closeth, lo here a pleasaunt thing.
All if thou haste well rewarded him before,
Without thou standest in rayne and tempest sore,
And in the meane time a rascolde or vilayne
Shall enter while thou art bathed in the rayne.
Sometime the porter his malice shall excuse,
And say unto the thy labour to abuse:
That eyther is the lorde asleepe or in councell,
Then lost is thy labour, mispent is thy travell.

CORIDON.

Of our poore houses men soone may knowe the gin,*
So at our pleasure we may go out and in.
If courtes be suche, me thinketh without doubt,
They best be at ease which so remayne without;
For better be without, wet to the skin with rayne,
Than ever in court and live in endlesse payne.
For if hell gates did not still open gape,
Then wretched soules great torment should escape;
Right so, if the court were close continually,
Some men should escape great payne and misery.
But Cornix, proceede, tell on of courtiers care.

CORNIX.

Well sayde, Coridon, God geve thee well to fare.
Nowe would I speake of paynes of the warre,
But that me thinketh is best for to defarre;
For if thy lorde in battayle have delite,
To sue† the warre be paynes infinite.

* The secret of entrance. † To pursue, to follow.

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For while he warreth thou mayst not bide at home,
Thy luste to cherishe, and pleasure of thy wombe.
To sue an army then hast thou wretched payne
Of colde or of heate, of thirst, hunger and rayne,
And mo other paynes then I will specify,
For nought is in warfar save care and misery,
Murder and mischiefe, rapines and cowardise,
Or els crueltie; there reigneth nought but vice,
Which here to recount were long and tedious,
And to our purpose in part contrarious.
Therfore let passe the warres misery,
The dredefull daungers and wretched penury,
And of these cities talke we a worde or twayne,
In which no man can live avoyde of payne,
For whither soever the court remove or flit
All the vexations remove alway with it.
If thou for solace into the towne resorte,
There shalt thou mete of men as bad a sorte,
Which at thy clothing and thee shall have disdayne,
If thou be busy the club shall do thee payne;
There be newe customes and actes in like wise,
None mayst thou scorne, nor none of them despise,
Then must thou eche day begin to live anewe.
As for in cities I will no more remayne,
But turne my talking nowe to the court agayne,
After of this may we have communication
Of cities and of their vexation.
Whether that thy lorde sit or yet stande erect,
Still muste thou stande, or els shalt thou be chekt,
Thy head and legs shall find no rest nor ease:
If thou in court intende alway to please,
Oft muste thou becke, still stand and ever bare
To worse then thy selfe, which is a payne and care.

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What shall I common the pensivenes and payne
Of courtiers or they their wages can obtayne,
Howe much differing and how much abating
Must courtiers suffer, and manifolde checking,
Never hast thou the whole, sometime shall they abate,
Or els shall the day of payment be to late;
From Robert to John sometime they shall thee sende,
And then none of both to paye thee may intende;
From poste unto piller tossed shalt thou be,
Scorned and blinded with fraude and subtiltie.
Some mayst thou beholde sighing for great sorowe,
When he is appoynted to come agayne to morowe,
For many a morowe hath he bene served so;
Another standeth his heart replete with wo,
Counting and turning the grotes in his cap,
Praying God to sende the payer an ill hap,
For where he reckned for to receyve a pounde,
Scant hath he halfe, suche checkes be there founde;
Never shall the courtier receyve whole salary,
Except that he rewarde the payer privily.
When nede constrayneth somewhat to have before,
He gladly receyveth a dosen for a score,
Never canst thou make thy covenant so cleare,
But that the payer shall bring thee far areare,
All if thou right well thy covenant fulfill,
It shall the payer interprete at his will,
For all that blinde sorte are choked with avarice,
As catchers of coyne ensuing covetise.
But sometime to speake of thinges necessary,
These do all courtiers cares multiply,
Nowe for one thing they labour to obtayne,
Nowe for another, and often all in vayne,

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And though their asking be neyther right ne just,
Yet never stint they till they have had their lust.
But if it fortune their prayer and their cost
Be spent in vayne, then is their reason lost;
Then lurke they in corners for a month or twayne,
For wo that their labour and prayer was in vayne.
Some with their princes so stande in favour,
That they may advaunce their kinred to honour,
But then is their kinred so bad of governaunce,
That al if they may they dare not them advaunce,
But howebeit they durst they dread of worldly shame,
Or punishment of God, or els their princes blame.

CORIDON.

Nowe doubtles, Cornix, that man is much unwise,
Which lifteth fooles unworthy to office,
But oftetime favour and carnall affection
Abuseth the right, blinding discretion.

CORNIX.

If thou hadst mused a yere for this one clause,
Thou could not have said more perfitely the cause;
Beside this, Coridon, fewe, by the Lorde above,
Have of those courtiers, true sure and perfite love;
For Codrus tolde me what writeth Isocrate,
That all these princes and every great estate
In loving regarde no vertue nor prudence,
None love they but of some hastie violence,
Without advisement, without discretion,
Suche love ofte proveth faynt at conclusion.
But if they love any they love him not as frende,
Betwene like and like best frendship shall we finde.
For truely great lordes love such men with delite,
By them when they take some pleasour or profite,
As they love horses, dogges, and mo suche.

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What saide I? I lye! they love them not so muche:
More love they a horse or dogge then a man,
Aske of Minalcas, the truth declare he can.
For commonly as sone as any man is dead,
Another is soone ready for to fulfill his stead,
With mede and with prayer his place is dearly bought,
So ofte have princes their service cleare for nought:
But then if it fortune a dogge or horse to dye,
His place to fulfill another muste they by.
Yet little have I saide, worse in the court they fare;
Not onely thy lorde shall for thy death nought care,
For thy longe service ofte shall he wishe thee dead;
Suche is in court thy salary and thy mede,
Eyther for thy service longe and continuall,
Thou haste of thy lord receyved nought at all,
And when thou art dead with short conclusion,
Then quite is thy service and obligation,
And ofte shall thy lorde sounde swetely foorth this A!
"A! that this man so sone is gone away;
If he had lived longer a small season,
I should have put him to great promotion:"
Or els if thy lorde have well rewarded thee,
That thou hast livelod and riches in plentie,
Then if thou dye, beleve me for certayne,
He surely trusteth to have all agayne:
Scant any riche man by death hence now shall fare,
But that some great lorde will loke to be his heyre.

He then continues in a moral strain to recount the difficulty of preserving character among the many adverse imputations which abound in courts; and in the course of the dialogue which

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ensues, he takes occasion to compliment Alcock's predecessor, Moreton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, not without an allusion to his troubles, his servant's faithfulness, and his restoration to favor under Richard III and Henry VII.

> And shepheard Moreton, when he durst not appeare,
> How his olde servauntes were carefull of his cheare ;
> In payne and pleasour they kept fidelitie,
> Till grace agayne gave him authoritie.
> Then his olde favour did them agayne restore
> To greater pleasour than they had payne before.

And he again alludes to Alcock in a strain of the highest panegyric, as,

> Of the gentle cocke which sange so mirily.

And says, that upon his death—

> The mightie walles of Ely Monastery,
> The stones, rockes, and towres semblably,
> The marble pillers, and images echeone,
> Swet all for sorowe when this good cocke was gone.

He then returns to the court, speaks of the impossibility of reading and study, and of the little value men set on it there, which induces young and old to go with the stream, and become alike worthless ; he then details manifold grievances of all kinds, and petty annoyances to which courtiers are subject, which convinces Coridon of their miseries and of his own comfort. Cornix exclaims:—

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Then let all shepheardes, from hence to Salisbury,
With easie riches, live well, laugh and be mery,
Pipe under shadowes, small riches hath most rest,
In greatest seas moste sorest is tempest,
The court is nought els bet a tempesteous sea;
Avoyde the rockes. Be ruled after me.

The eclogue ends with Coridon's determination to "dye a shepheard."

"The fourth egloge, entituled Codrus and Minalcas, treating of the behavour of riche men agaynst poetes"; takes up a new field of disputation; and commences with this "argument."

Codrus, a shepheard lusty, gay and stoute,
Sat with his wethers at pasture round about,
And poor Minalcas, with ewes scarce fourtene,
Sat sadly musing in shadowe on the grene;
This lustie Codrus was cloked for the rayne,
And doble decked with huddes,* one or twayne;
He had a pautner† with purses manyfolde,
And surely lined with silver and with golde;
Within his wallet were meates good and fine,
Both store and plentie had he of ale and wine,
Suche fulsome pasture made him a double chin:
His furred mittens were of a curres skin,
Nothing he wanted longing to cloth or foode,
But by no meane would he depart with good.
Sometime this Codrus did under shadowe lye,
Wide open piping and gaping on the skye;
Sometime he daunced and hobled as a beare,

* Hoods. † A net bag.

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Sometime he pried how he became his geare;
He lept, he songe, and ran to prove his might;
When purse is heavy oftetime the heart is light.
But though this Codrus had store inough of good,
He wanted wisdome, for nought he understood
Save worldly practise his treasour for to store,
Howe ever it came small forse had he therfore.
On the other side the poor Minalcas lay,
With empty belly and simple poore aray;
Yet coulde he pipe and finger well a drone,
But soure is musike when men for hunger grone;
Codrus had riches, Minalcas had cunning,
For God not geveth to one man every thing.
At last this Codrus espied Minalcas,
And soone he knewe what maner man he was,
For olde acquayntaunce betwene them earst had bene,
Long time before they met upon the grene;
And therfore Codrus downe boldly by him sat,
And in this maner began with him to chat.

CODRUS FIRST SPEAKETH.

All hayle Minalcas, nowe by my fayth well met,
Lord Jesu mercy, what troubles did thee let
That this long season none could thee here espy?
With us was thou wont to sing full merily,
And to lye piping oftetime among the floures,
What time thy beastes were feding among ours.
In these olde valleys we two were wont to bourde,
And in these shadowes talke many a mery worde;
And oft were we wont to wrastle for a fall,
But nowe thou droupest and hast forgotten all.
Here wast thou wont swete balades to sing,
Of song and ditie as it were for a king,
And of gay matters to sing and to endite,

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But nowe thy courage is gone and thy delite;
Trust me, Minalcas, nowe playnly I espy
That thou art wery of shepheardes company;
And that all pleasour thou semest to despise,
Lothing our pasture and fieldes in likewise:
Thou fleest solace and every mery fitte,
Leasing thy time and sore hurting thy witte;
In sloth thou slombrest as buried were thy song,
Thy pipe is broken, or somewhat els is wrong.

MINALCAS.

What time the cuckowes fethers mout and fall,
From sight she lurketh, hir song is gone withall.
When backe is bare and purse of coyne is light,
The wit is dulled and reason hath no might:
Adewe enditing when gone is libertie,
Enemie to muses is wretched povertie.
What time a knight is subject to a knave,
To just, or tourney, small pleasour shall he have.

This Codrus is disposed to deny, and argues that restraint is best for men, lest they, like colts, run wild and damage themselves; but he adds, that Minalcas can have no cause to complain, because to "walk at pleasour is no captivitie"; but he is answered, that poverty and ill luck are too heavily felt to render him happy. Codrus is inclined to disbelieve the existence of either, which is opposed by Minalcas somewhat to his disliking, and he anxiously endeavours to turn the discourse again to poetry, and tells him "of thy old balades, some would I heare full fayne," which he de-

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clares he has often had much pleasure in listening to. Minalcas answers:

> Yea, other shepheardes, which have inough at home,
> When ye be merry and stuffed is your wombe,
> Which have great store of butter, chese and woll,
> Your cowes others of milke replete and full,
> Payles of swete milke as full as they be able,
> When your fat dishes smoke hote upon your table,
> Then laude ye songes and balades magnifie;
> If they be mery or written craftily,
> Ye clappe your handes and to the making harke,
> And one say to other, lo, here a proper warke.
> But, when ye have said, nought geve ye for our payne,
> Save only laudes and pleasaunt wordes vayne;
> All if these laudes may well be counted good,
> Yet the poore shepheard must have some other food.

Codrus replies that writing should be looked upon as a work of ease, variety, and amusement, to fill up leisure time, and exercise the wit; to which Minalcas answers:

> "Nedes must a shepherd bestowe his whole labour
> In tending his flockes, scant may he spare one houre."

And that his necessities fill his mind, "but well to indite requireth all the brayne," and that worldly prudence and poetic leisure are incompatible; that fools think but lightly of the labour of his mind, and would most incline to jest with his poverty; and that he is weary of his wit, and of his "poore life." Codrus answers, that to various men are

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given various powers, that he has the gift of poetry, while himself and others have that of riches, and that it behoves him to be content with his lot. Minalcas answers spiritedly:

"Thou hast of riches and goodes haboundaunce,
And I have dities and songes of pleasaunce:
To aske my cunning to covetous thou art;
Why is not thyselfe contented with thy part?
Why doest thou invade my part and portion?
Thou wantest, Codrus, wit and discretion."

Codrus defends himself from the imputation of selfishness, and says he would not take from him "ditie nor ballade"; but that it is pleasant

"To heare good reason and ballade consonant."

To which Minalcas answers:

"If thou have pleasure to heare my melody,
I grant thee Codrus, to ioy my armony,
So have I pleasure and ioy of thy riches,
So giftes doubled increaseth love doublesse."

And he afterwards adds:

"If I feede thy eares, feede thou my mouth agayne,
I loth were to spende my giftes all in vayne,
Meat unto the mouth is food and sustenaunce,
And songes feede the eares with plesaunce.
I have the muses, if thou wilt have of mine,
Then right requireth that I have part of thine."

He continues, in an eloquent strain, to paint

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his wants, and what is due to them, to which Codrus listens with some impatience, and promises assistance so vaguely that Minalcas declares his wishes are but moderate—

"I aske no palace, nor lodging curious,
No bed of state, of rayment sumptuous."

Adding, "this I learned of the Dean of Powles," whom Warton considers to be Dean Colet. Codrus then tells him that he should have attended the court of Rome, or the higher clergy, for with them learning is held in respect, and its followers have dignity. Minalcas replies—

"Grant me a living sufficient and small,
And voyde of troubles, I aske no more at all;
But with that little I hold myself content,
If sauce of sorowe my minde not torment;
Of the court of Rome, forsooth, I have heard tell,
With forked cappes it folly is to mell.
Micene and Morton* be dead and gone certayne,
They nor their like shall never returne agayne."

Codrus advises him to turn his attention to the heroic deeds of the great; Minalcas says they care little to hear of good deeds, and would rather patronise lewd writers: and here Warton considers Barclay alludes to Skelton, with whom he seems

* This prelate has before been alluded to with laudation by our author, in his third eclogue, see p. lx.

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to have been on terms of rivalry,* when he makes Minalcas exclaim :

"Another thing is yet greatly more damnable,
Of rascolde poetes yet is a shamfull rable,
Which voyde of wisdome presumeth to indite,
Though they have scantly the cunning of a snite:†
And to what vices that princes most intende,
That dare these fooles solemnize and commende.
Then is he decked as poete laureate,
When stinking Thais made him her graduate;
When muses rested she did her season note,
And she with Bacchus her camous‡ did promote,
Such rascold drames§ promoted by Thais,
Bacchus, Licoris, or yet by Testalis,
Or by such other new-forged muses nine,
Think in their mindes for to have wit divine;
They laude their verses, they boast, they vaunt, and jet,
Though all their cunning be scantly worth a pet.
If they have smelled the artes triviall,
They count them poetes hye and heroicall:
Such is their folly, so foolishly they dote,
Thinking that none their playne errour note.

This tires Codrus, who declares that he would rather hear

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* See also p. v., and the Ship of Folys, in which he contemptuously speaks of one of that author's works, "The lytel boke of Philip Sparowe."

"It longeth not my science nor cunning,
For Philip the Sparowe the dirige to singe."

† A snipe. ‡ Debauchery. § Dregs?

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"———— some mery fit
Of mayde Marion, or els of Robin Hood,*
Or Bentleyes ale,† which chaseth well the bloud:
Of perte of Norwiche, or sauce of Wilberton,
Or buckish Joly well stuffed as a ton:
Talke of the bottell, let go the book for nowe,
Combrous is cunning, I make God a vowe!"

Minalcas refuses to sing light songs, but declares his willingness to "sing one ballade extract of Sapience," and he repeats four stanzas, of eight lines each, "of fruitfull clauses of noble Solomon," when Codrus, whose patience is soon at an end, exclaims:

"Ho there! Minalcas, of this we have enough:
What should a ploughman go farther than his plough?
What should a shepherde in wisdome wade to farre?
Talke he of tankard, or of his boxe of tarre.
Tell somewhat els, wherin is more comforte,
So shall the season and time seeme light and shorte."

---

* Our author has shewn his contempt for the popular Robin Hood tales, in his *Ship of Folys*, where he says.—

"I write ne jest ne tale of Robin Hood."

And in the same work he again says:—

"———— many are so blinded with their folly,
That no scriptur thinke they so true nor gode,
As is a folishe jest of Robin Hood."

† Coridon, in the second eclogue, mentions this ale: after a draught at the bottle he says:—

"This ale brewed Bently, it maketh me to winke."

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Minalcas answers:

"For thou of Hawarde,* nowe lately did recite,
I have a ditie which Cornix did indite,
His death complayning."

And he proposes to sing this, which Codrus agrees to; but before beginning he says:

I pray thee, Codrus (my whey is weake and thin),
Lende me thy bottell, to drinke or I begin.

CODRUS.

If ought be tasted, the remnant shall pall,
I may not aforde nowe for to spende out all.
We sit in shadowe, the sunne is not fervent,
Call for it after, then shall I be content.

MINALCAS.

Still thou desirest thy pleasure of my art,
But of thy bottell nought wilt thou yet depart;
Though thou be nigard and nought wilt geve of thine,
Yet this one time thou shalt have part of mine.
Now harken, Codrus, I tell mine elegy,
But small is the pleasure of dolefull armony.

He then commences "The description of the towre of vertue and honour, into the which the noble Hawarde contended to enter by worthy actes of chivalry"; and of which Warton remarks, that although it contains "no very masterly strokes of sublime or inventive fancy, it has much of the

* Howard, Duke of Norfolk, a patron of Barclay, who died in the wars of France. See also p. vii.

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trite imagery usually applied to the fabrication of these ideal edifices. It, however, shows our author in a new walk of poetry"; and he adds, that the impersonation of *Labour* is pictured "with some degree of spirit." It is equal to the similar inventions of any medieval poet, and better than the imaginings of Hawes and others. It thus commences:

High on a mountayne of highnes marvelous,
With pendant cliffes of stones harde as flent,
Is made a castell or toure moste curious,
Dreadful unto sight, but inwarde excellent.
Such as would enter finde paynes and torment,
So harde is the way unto the same mountayne,
Streyght, hye and thorny, turning and different,
That many labour for to ascende in vayne.

Who doth persever, and to this towre attayne,
Shall have great pleasure to see the building olde,
Joyned and graned, surmounting man's brayne,
And all the walles within of fynest golde,
With olde historyes, and pictures manyfolde,
Glistering as bright as Phebus orient,
With marble pillers the building to upholde,
About be turrets of shape moste excellent.

This toure is gotten by labour diligent,
In it remayne such as have won honoure
By holy living, by strength or tournament,
And moste by wisedome attayne unto this towre:
Briefely, all people of godly behavour,
By rightwise battayle, justice and equitie,

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Or that in mercy hath had a chiefe pleasour,
In it have rowmes eche after his degree.

This goodly castell (thus shining in beautie)
Is named castell of vertue and honour;
In it eyght Henry is in his majestie
Moste hye enhaunsed as ought a conquerour:
In it remayneth the worthy governour,
A stocke and fountayne of noble progeny,
Moste noble Hawarde the duke and protectour,
Named of Northfolke the floure of chivalry.

Here is the Talbot manfull and hardy,
With other princes and men of dignitie,
Which to win honour do all their might apply,
Supporting justice, concorde and equitie:
The manly Corson within this towre I see,
These have we seene eche one in his estate,
With many other of hye and meane degree,
For marciall actes with crownes laureate.

Of this stronge castell is porter at the gate,
Strong, sturdy Labour, much like a champion;
But goodly Vertue, a lady most ornate,
Within governeth with great provision;
But of this castell in the moste hyest trone
Is Honour shining in rowme imperiall,
Which unrewarded of them leaveth not one
That come by Labour and Vertue principall.

Fearefull is Labour without favour at all,
Dreadfull of visage, a monster intreatable,
Like Cerberus lying at gates infernall,
To some men his looke is halfe intollerable,
His shoulders large, for burthen strong and able,

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His body bristled, his necke mightie and stiffe,
By sturdy senewes his joyntes stronge and stable,
Like marble stones his handes be as stiffe.

Here must man vanquishe the dragon of Cadmus;
Against the Chimer here stoutly must he fight;
Here must he vanquish the fearfull Pegasus;
For the golden fiece, here must he shewe his might:
If Labour gaynsay, he can nothing be right.
This monster Labour oft chaungeth his figure:
Sometime an oxe, a bore, or lion wight
Playnely he seemeth, thus chaungeth his nature.

Like as Protheus oft chaunged his stature,
Mutable of figure oft times in one houre,
When Aristeus in bondes had him sure,
To divers figures likewise chaungeth Labour:
Under his browes he dreadfully doth loure,
With glistering eyen, and side dependaunt beard;
For thirst and hunger alway his chere to soure,
His horned forehead doth make faynt heartes feard.

Alway he drinketh, and yet alway is drye,
The sweat distilling with droppes aboundaunt;
His breast and forehead doth humours multiply
By sweating showres, yet is this payne pleasaunt;
Of day and night his resting time is scant,
No day overpasseth exempt of busynes,
His sight infourmeth the rude and ignorant;
Who dare persever, he geveth them riches.

The poet adds, that when the noble Howard had long boldly contended with this hideous monster, had broken the bars and doors of the

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castle, had bound the porter, and was now preparing to ascend the tower of virtue and honour, Fortune and Death appeared and interrupted his progress. The eclogue ends with another instance of the heartlessness of Codrus. On concluding this poem Minalcas says:

Lo, Codrus, I here have tolde thee by and by
Of shepheard Cornix the wofull elegy,
Wherein he mourned the greevous payne and harde,
And laste departing of the noble lorde Hawarde,
More he indited of this good Admirall,
But truely, Codrus, I can not tell the all.

CODRUS.

Minalcas, I sweare by holy Peter's cope,
If all thing fortune as I have trust and hope,
If happy winde blowe I shall or it be longe,
Comforte thy sorowe and well rewarde thy songe;
What! tary man a while till better fortune come,
If my part be any then shall thy part be some.

MINALCAS.

If thou in purpose so to rewarde my hire,
God graunt thee, Codrus, thy wishing and desire.

CODRUS.

Forsooth, Minalcas, I wish thee so in dede,
And that shalt thou knowe if fortune with me spede,
Farewell, Minalcas, for this time, *Dieu te garde*,
Neare is winter, the worlde is to harde.

MINALCAS.

Go, wretched nigarde, God sende thee care and payne,
Our Lorde let thee never come hither more agayne;
And as did Midas, God turne it all to golde

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That ever thou touchest or shalt in handes holde,
For so much on golde is fixed thy liking,
That thou despisest both vertue and cunning.

Of the fifth eclogue, which is printed entire in the ensuing pages, from the original edition, it will only be necessary here to say, that it is a small quarto pamphlet, of thirty-six pages; the title-page contains a large woodcut, of a priest sitting in his study, which is well and boldly executed, and all the details curious; but it is one of those cuts made to do hard duty, as a general illustration to books of all kinds; and a general resemblance to all authors of that or any preceding age. At the end of the prologue are two cuts of shepherds, which are in a similar way borrowed from some other book, as they are of different sizes and style. At the conclusion of the tract is a large device of Wynkyn de Worde, No. 6 of his series engraved by Dibdin, in his "Typographical Antiquities." It is but a careless specimen of his press, as it contains some glaring errors, which would induce one to imagine that the sheets were never read for correction. The variations between this edition and that of 1570 have been pointed out in the notes, and in some instances affect the sense in an important manner.

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The Fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezen and Uplondyshman.

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¶ The fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Barclay, of the Cytezen and Uplondyshman.

¶ Here after foloweth the Prologe.

In colde January whan fyre is comfortable,
And that the feldes be nere intollerable,
Whan shepe and pastoures leveth felde and folde,
And drawe to cotes for to eschewe the colde;
What tyme the verdure of grounde, and every tre,
By frost and stormes is pryvate of beaute,
And every small byrde thynketh the wynter longe,
Whiche well apereth by ceasynge of theyr song;—
At this same season two herdes fresshe of age,
At tyme apoynted met bothe in one cotage.
The fyrst hyght Faustus, the seconde Amyntas,
Harde was to know whiche better husbande was;
For eche of them bothe set more by pleasour,
Than by habundaunce of ryches or tresour.
Amyntas was formalle, and propre in his gere,
A man on his cloke shoulde not aspyed a here,
Nor of his clothynge one wryncle stode a wrye,
In London he lerned to go so manerly.
Hygh on his bonet stacke a fayre broche of tynne,
His pursys lynynge was symple, poore, and thynne;
But a lordes stomake and a beggers pouche
Full yll accordeth, suche was this comely slouche.

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In the towne and cyte so longe getted had he,
That frome thens he fledde for det and poverte.
No wafrer, taverne, halehous, or taverner,
To hym was there hydde, whyle he was hosteler.
Fyrste was he hosteler, and than a wafrer,
Than a costermonger, and last a taverner.
Aboute all London there was no propre prym
But long tyme had ben famylyer with hym;
But whan coyne fayled no favour more hadde he,
Wherfore he was gladde out of the towne to fle.
But shepeherde Faustus was yet more fortunate,
For alwaye was he content with his estate,
Yet nothynge he hadde to conforte hym in age
Save a melche cow, and a poore cotage;
The towne he used and grete pleasure hadde
To se the cyte oftyme whyle he was ladde;
For mylke and botter he thyther brought to sell,
But never thought he in cyte for to dwell,
For well he noted the madde enormyte,
Envy, fraude, malyce, and suche inyquyte,
Whiche reygne in cytes; therfore he ledde his lyfe
Up londe in vyllage, without debate and stryfe.
Whan these two herdes were thus together met,
Havynge no charges nor labour them to let,
Theyr shepe were all sure, and closyd in a cote,
Themselfe laye in lyttre, pleasauntly and hote;
For costly was fyre in hardest of the yere,
Whan men have most nede, than every thynge is dere;
For passynge of tyme, and recreacyon,
The bothe delyted in communycacyon,

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Namely they pledyd of the dyversyte
Of rurall husbondes, and men of the cyte;
Faustus accused and blamed cytezyns,
To them imputynge grete fautes, cryme, and synnes.
Amyntas blamed the rurall men agayne,
And eche of them bothe his quareyl dyde maynteyne.
All wrothe dyspysed, all malyce and yll wyll,
Clene layde a parte, eche dyde reherse his skyll;
But fyrste Amyntas thus for to speke began,
As he whiche counted hymselfe the better man.

¶ Finis Prologe.

¶ Interlocutoures be Amyntas and Faustus.

AMYNTAS FYRSTE SPEKETH.

The wynter snowes, all covered is the grounde,
The northe wynde blowys all with a fereful sounde,
The longe yse sycles at the hewsys honge,
The streames frosen, the nyght is colde and longe;
Where botes rowed now cartes have passage,
Frome yoke the oxen be lowsed and bondage;
The ploweman resteth avoyde of all busynesse,
Save whan he tendeth his harnes for to dresse;
Mably his wyfe sytteth byfore the fyre,
All blacke and smoke, clothed in rude atyre;
Sethynge some grewell, and sterynge the pulment
Of peese or frument, a noble meete for lent.

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The somer season men counteth now laudable,
Whose fervour before they thought intollerable;
The frosty wynter and weder temperate
Whiche men than praysed, theynow dyspryse and hate;
Colde they desyred, but now it is present
They braule and grutche, theyr myndes not content.
Thus mutable men them pleased can not holde,
At grete hete grutchyng, and grutchyng whan it is colde.

¶ FAUSTUS.

All pleasure present of men is counted small,
Desyre obteyned, some counteth nought at all.
What men hope after that semeth grete and dere,
As lyght by dystaunce apereth great and clere.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Eche tyme and season hath his delyte and joyes,
Loke in the stretes, beholde the lytell boyes
How in fruyte season for joye they synge and hope,
In lent echeone full busy is with his tope;
And now in wynter, for all the grevous colde
All rent and ragyd a man maye them beholde,
They have great pleasure, supposynge well to dyne
Whan men ben busyed, in kyllynge of fat swyne.
They get the bladder, and blowe it grete and thyn,
With many beanes or peasen bounde within;
It ratleth, soundeth, and shyneth clere and fayre,
Whyle it is throwen and cast up in the ayre;
Echeone contendeth and hath a grete delyte
With fote or with hande the bladder for to smyte.

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Yf it fall to grounde they lyfte it up againe,
This wyse to labour they count it for no payne,
Rennynge and lepynge they dryve awaye the colde.
The sturdy plowmen, lusty, stronge, and bolde,
Overcometh the wynter with dryvynge the fote ball,
Forgetynge labour and many a grevous fall.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Men labour sorer in fruyteles vanyte,
Than in fayre warkes of grete utylyte;
In suche thryftles we labour for dammage,
Warke we dyspyse whiche bryngeth avauntage.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Towchynge theyr labour it can not me dysplease,
Whyle we be in reste and better here at ease
In the warme lyttre, smale payne hathe lytell hyre,
Here maye we walowe whyle mylke is on the fyre;
Yf it be crudded of brede we nede no crome,
Yf thou byde, Faustus, therof thou shalte have some.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Wynter declareth harde nede and poverte,
Than men it feleth whiche have necessyte.
Treuly, Amyntas, I tell the myne entent,
We fonde yonge people be moche improvydent.
We straye in somer without thought, care, or hede,
Of such thynge as we in wynter shall have nede,
As soone as we here a bagpype or a drowne,
Than leve we labour, there is our monaye gone.
But whan the northe wynde with stormes vyolent

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Hath brought cold wynter pore wretches to turment,
And voyde of leves is every bowe and tree
That one maye clerely the emty nestes se.
Than is all our woll and lambes gone and solde,
We tremble naked, and dye almost for colde.
Our sholders all bare, our hose and showes rent,
By retcheles youthe thus all is gone and spent.
This cometh for wantynge of good provysyon,
Youthe dayneth counsayle, scornynge dyscrecyon;
Whan poverte thus hathe caught us in his snare,
Than dothe the wynter our madde foly declare.
Now treuly, Amyntas, I tell the, my mate,
That towne dwellers lyve gretely more fortunate,
And somwhat wyser be they also than we,
They gather treasoure, and ryches in plente;
They spoyle the lambes and foxys of the skynne
To lappe theyr wombes and fat sydes therein;
In lust, in pleasure, and in good habundaunce,
Passe they theyr lyves; we have not suffysaunce.

¶ AMYNTAS.

The men of the erthe be fooles everychone,
We poore shepeherdes be not to blame alone,
More foly vexeth the man of the cyte,
I graunte us oversene, they madder be than we.
Thoughe I longe season dyde in the cyte dwell,
I favour it not, trouthe dare I boldely tell.
Thoughe cytezyns be of lyvynge reprovable,
; more favorable.
: dere,
us apere.

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Them she exalteth to honour and rychesse,
Us she oppresseth, in care and wretchydnesse.
What is vayne fortune but thynge vytuperable,
An unhappy madnesse, unworthy and unstable.

¶ FAUSTUS.

No doubte, Amyntas, let me be fortunate,
And than shall I soone become a grete estate;
My coyne shall encrease, than shortly shall I be
Called to offyce, to governe a cyte.
All men shall here me, and gyve me credence,
The comonte, bareheed, shall do me reverence.
All other rules, lowe men and comonte,
Shall gladly desyre to have advyse of me.
Yf I be happy, and fortune on me smyle,
Thus shall I assende, and mount within a whyle;
Aske thou of Cornyx, declare to the he can,
How coyne more than connynge, exalteth many man.

¶ AMYNTAS.

O Faustus, Faustus, thou erres frome the waye!
This is not fortune, full lytell do she maye;
Thoughe I myselfe rehersed but lately,
That fortune hathe myght a man to magnyfy,
I kepe the opynyon of wytles comonte,
And grounded myselfe on none auctoryte.
It is not fortune that graunteth excellence,
Trewe honour is wonne by vertu and scyence.
Yf men gette honour by other polecy,
It is no honour, but wretched mysery.
God maketh myghty, God gyveth trewe honour,

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To godly persones, of godly behavyour;
God fyrst dysposed, and made dyversyte,
Betwene rude plowmen, and men of the cyte.
And in what maner, Cornyx, thyne owne mate,
As we went talkynge recounted to me late.

¶ FAUSTUS.

What tolde the Cornyx, tell me I the praye!
He hadde good reason suche thynges to convaye,
His wyt was pregnant, no reason dyde he want,
But trouthe to declare his monaye was but scant.
But what than? some man hath pleynte of cunnynge,
Whiche hath of rychesse smal pleynte, or nothynge!

¶ AMYNTAS.

In herynge my tale yf thou have thy delyte,
Than take some labour, for now is good respyte.
Faustus, aryse thou out of thy lyttre hote,
Go se and vysyte our wethers in the cote.
Aryse, go and come, thou arte bothe yonge and able,
After grete colde hete is more comfortable.
Go man, for shame! he is a slouthfull dawe
Whiche leveth profyte for pleasure of hote strawe!

¶ FAUSTUS.

Thynke not, Amyntas, that Faustus hathe dysdayne;
To do thy pleasure, I shall refuse no payne.
Loke here, Amyntas, lorde benedycyte!
The cold snowe recheth moche hygher than my kne.
Scant maye the houses such burthen well susteyne,
Lesse hurte is tempest and sodayne storme of rayne;

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On toppe of the chymnaye there is an hepe of snowe
So hye extendynge our steple is more lowe!
The snowe is so whyte, and the sonne so bryght,
That playnly, Amyntas, amasyd is my syght!

¶ AMYNTAS.

Gyve to the bestes good rowen in pleynte,
And stoppe all the holes where thou can fautes se,
Stop them with stubbyll, efte daubè them with some claye,
And whan thou hast done than come agayne thy waye.
Nought is more noysom to flocke, cotage, ne folde,
Than sodayne tempeste, and unprovyded colde.

What, now allredy frende Faustus here agayne!
By shorte conclusyon, bad warke apereth playne.
Thy comynge agayne me thynke is all to soone,
Ought to have mended, or profyte to have done.

¶ FAUSTUS.

This combrous wether made me more dylygent,
I ran all the waye, bothe as I came and went.
And there I spedde me, and toke the greter payne,
Becausely I lyghtly wolde be with the agayne.
After grete colde it is full swete, God wote,
To tomble in the strawe, or in the lyttre hote.
Now be we, Amyntas, in hey up to the chynne;
Fulfill thy promise, I praye the now begynne,—
Tell the begynnynge of the dyversyte
Betwene rurall men, and men of the cyte.
I know the reason and talkynge of Cornyx,
But syth I hym sawe, be passed yeres syxe;

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His jocunde jestes made me oftetyme full gladde,
Our fyrst acquayntaunce was whan I was a ladde.
Now speke, my Amyntas, and I shall holde me styll,
Tyll thou have ended and spoken all thy wyll.

¶ AMYNTAS.

This grete dyfference and fyrste dyversyte
Betwene rurall men and them of the cyte,
Began in this wyse, as Cornyx me tolde,
Whiche well coulde comon of many maters olde.
Fyrste whan the worlde was fourmed and create,
And Adam with Eve were set in theyr estate,
Our Lorde conjoyned them bothe as man and wyfe
To lyve in concorde the season of theyr lyfe;
And them commaunded mankynde to multyply,
By generacyon to get them progeny;
They bothe obeyed this swete commaundement,
With faythfull hertes, and labour dylygent.
But wolde to Jhesu they hadde ben wyse, and ware
From that fatal fruyte which kyndled all theyr care.
But to my purpose: fyrste Eve hadde chyldren two,
A sone and a doughter, our Lorde dysposed so;
And so yere by yere two twynnes forthe she brought,
Whan God assysteth, man worketh not for nought!
By suche maner these two dyde them apply,
The worlde to fulfyll, encreace and multyply.
At last our Lord at ende of fyftene yere
To Eve our moder dyde on a tyme appere,
And in what maner, now here me Faustus:
Adam on the felde forth with his wethers was,

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His flocke than he fedde, without all drede and fere,
Than were no wowers, hym nor his wyfe to dreare.
He was not troubled that tyme with jelowsy,
Than was no body to do that vylany.
No horned kyddes were lyvyng at that tyme,
Longe after this began this cursed cryme.
Than was no cocko, betwene the eest and west
To laye wronge egges within a straunge nest!
Than none suspected the lyvyng of his wyfe,
Wedlocke was quyet and pleasaunt without stryfe.
But after, whan people began to multyply,
Than fyrste was kyndled the flame of jelowsy;
For that man commytteth sore dredeth he agayne,
Fraude fereth falshode, suspectynge oft in vayne.
A thefe suspecteth all men of felony,
Brekers of wedlocke be full of jelowsy.
And therefore all suche as with swerde do stryke,
Fere to be served with the scaberde lyke!
Thus whyle that Adam was pytchynge of the folde,
Eve was at home, and sate on the thressholde,
With all her babys and chyldren her about,
Other on her lappe within, or elles without.
Now had she plesure them collynge and bassynge,
And efte was she busy, them lowsynge and kemynge.
And busy with butter for to anoynt theyr necke,
Sometyme she musyd them pleasauntly to decke;
In the mean tyme whyle she was occypyed,
Our Lorde drawynge nere she sodeynly espyed;
Anone she blusshed, revolvynge in her mynde,
That yf our Lorde ther should al those babys fynde,

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So sone engendred, supposynge he nedes must
That it was token of to great carnall lust,
And all asshamed, as fast as ever she myght,
She hasted and hydde some of them out of syght,
Some under hey, some under strawe and chaffe,
Some in the chymnaye, some in a tubbe of draffe;
But suche as were fayre, and of theyr stature ryght,
As wyse and subtyle reserved she in syght.
Anone came our Lorde unto the woman nere,
And her saluted, with swete and smylynge chere;
And sayde,—"Woman, let me thy chyldren se,
I come to promote eche after his degre."
Fyrste was the woman amasyd nere for drede,
At the last she commaunded the eldest to procede,
And gave them comforte, to have audacyte,
Though they were bolder and doubted lesse than she.
God on them smyled, and them comforted so,
As we with whelpes and byrdes use to do.
And than at the laste, to the most olde of all,
He sayde, "Have thou ceptre of Rome imperyall,
Thou arte the eldest, thou shalte have moost honoure,
Justyce requyreth that thou be Emperoure."
Than to the seconde he sayde, "It is semynge,
That thou be haunsed to honour of a Kynge."
And unto the thyrde he gave such dygnyte,
To guyde an army, and noble duke to be,
And sayde, "Have thou here harde yron and armoure,
Be thou in batayle a heed and a governoure."
And so forthe to other, as they were in degre,
Eche he promoteth to worthy dygnyte.

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Some made he erles, some lordes, some barons,
Some squyres, knyghtes, some hardy champyons.
And than brought he forthe the ceptre and the crowne,
The swerde, the pollax, the helme, and the haberjowne,
The stremer, standarde, the getton, and the mace,
The spere, and the shelde; now Eve hadde grete so-
He gave them armoure, and taught them polecy, [lace;
All thynge to governe concernynge chyvalry.
Than made he juges, mayres, and governoures,
Marchauntes, shreves, and other protectoures,
Aldermen, burgeyses, and other in degre,
After the custome of courte and of cyte.
Thus all the chyldren than beynge in presence
He set in honour, and rowme of excellence;
Oftyme revolvynge and tournynge in his mynde,
The caduke honoures belongynge to mankynde.
In the meane season Eve very joyfull was,
That all these maters were brought so well to pas;
Than fle she in hast, for to have pleasour more,
And them presented whom she hadde hydde before;
And unrequyred presentynge them, sayde she,
"O Lorde, these also my veray chyldren be!
These be the fruyte also of my wombe,
Hyd for shamefastnesse within my house at home.
O Lorde, most myghty! hye fader, creatour!
Withsave to graunte them some offyce of honour."
Theyr heer was ruggyd, poudred all with chaffe,
Some full of strawes, some other full of draffe,
Some with cobwebbes and dust were so arayed,
That one beholdynge on them myght be afrayde;

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Blacke was theyr colour, and bad was theyr fygure,
Uncomely to syght, mysshapen of stature.
Our Lorde not smyled on them to shewe pleasaunce,
But sayde to them thus, with trowbled countenaunce,
" Ye smell all smoky, of stubbyll and of chaffe,
Ye smell of the grounde, of wedes and of draffe,
And after your sent, and tedyous savoure,
Shall be your rowmes, and all your behavour.
None can a pytcher tourne to a sylver pece,
Nor make goodly sylke of a gotes flece;
And harde is also to make withouten fayle,
A bryght two hande swerde of a cowe's tayle!
No more wyll I make, howbeit that I can,
Of a vyle vylayne a noble gentylman!
Ye shall be plowemen, and tyllers of the grounde,
To payne and labour shall ye alwaye be bounde,
Some shall kepe oxen, and some shall hogges kepe,
Som shall be thresshers, som other shall kepe shepe.
To dyg and to delve, to hedge and to dyke,
Take this for your lot, and other labour lyke;
To drudge and to drevyll in warkes vyle and rude,
This wyse shall ye lyve, in endeles servytude.
Ryppynge and mowynge of fother, gras, and corne,
Yet shall towne dwellers ofte laughe you unto scorne!
Yet some shall we graunt to dwell in the cyte,
For to make podynges, or butchers for to be,
Coblers, or tynkers, or else costard jaggers,
Hostelers, or daubers, or drowpy water laggers,
And such other sorte whose dayly busynesse
Passeth in warkes, and labour ef vylenes.

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To stowpe, and to swete, and subjecte to become,
And never to be rydde from bondage and thraldome."
Than brought our Lorde to them the carte and harowe,
The gad and the whyp, ye matoke and the whele-barow,
The spade, the shovell, the forke, and the ploughe,
And all suche towles; than bad he them be toughe,
And never to grutche at labour nor at payne,
For yf they so dyde, it shoulde be thynge in vayne.
Thus sayde the Father and Lorde Omnypotente,
And then he ascended up to the fyrmament.
Thus began honour, and thus began bondage,
And dyversyte of cyte and vyllage,
And servyle labour fyrste in this wyse began:
Demaunde of Cornyx, declare the trouthe he can.
This tolde me Cornyx, whiche dwelled in the fen,
I truste his sayenge, before a thousande men.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Is this the mater, praysed of the so sore?
A strawe for fables! I set by them no store!
It were a mervayle yf Cornyx mater tolde
To laude of shepeherdes, or plowmen to upholde;
He dwelt in the towne, and helde with the cyte,
Tyll nede hym movyd as it hathe dryven the.
Whan none of you bothe dare to the towne resorte,
Amonge us shepeherdes, yet fynde ye here conforte.
So bothe thou and he be gretely for to blame,
To ete our vytayle, and than to hurte our name!
The yonge men of townes to mock us have a guyse,
Nought elles can they do, save lyes to devyse!

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This vayne invencyon, and folysshe fayned fable,
Agayne rurall men they have delyte to bable:
And nought they asshame, as blynde wretches unwyse,
Of God Almyghty, suche leasynges to devyse.
This scorfy scoftynge declareth openly
Agaynste rurall men, rebuke and injury.
But thou arte so rude, thy paunche is so fatte,
Agayne thyne owneselfe thou busy art to chatte.
All if this same jest is thy rebuke and blame,
Thy dullyd reason can not perceyve the same;
But I wall prove the that rurall people be
More wyse and noble than they of the cyte,
And that the cyte is full of fraude and stryfe,
Whan we in vyllage have good and quyet lyfe.

¶ AMYNTAS.

I praye the, Faustus, therefore be thou not wrothe,
To have dyspleasoure of the I were ryght lothe!
I thought no mawgre, I tolde it for a bourde,
Yf I hadde knowen, I shulde have sayd no worde:
But saye thy pleasure, now tell forthe thy sentence,
And I shall here the with sobre pacyence.

¶ FAUSTUS.

I shall not denye our payne and servytude,
I knowe that plowmen for the mooste parte be rude;
Now shall I tell the hygh maters trewe and olde,
Whiche curteys Candydus unto me ones tolde,
Nought shall I forge, nor of no leasynge bable,
This is trewe hystory, and no surmysed fable.

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At the begynnynge of thynges fyrste of all,
God made shepeherdes, and other men rurall;
But the fyrste plowman and tyller of the grounde,
Was rude and stordy, dysdaynynge to be bounde,
Rughe and stoborne, and Cayn dyde men hym call,
He hadde no mercy, and pyte none at all;
But lyke as the grounde, is dull, stony, and toughe,
Stubberne and hevy, rebellynge to the ploughe;—
So the fyrste plowman, was stronge and obstynate,
Frowarde, selfe-wyllynge, and mover of debate.
But the fyrste shepeherde was meke, and nothyng fell,
Humble as is a lambe, and called was Abell;
A shepe gyveth mylke, and lytell hathe of gall,
So this good Abell hadde none yll wyll at all.
No shepeherde founde hym injuryous nor wronge,
Indurynge his lyfe whyle he was them amonge;
And oft of his flocke made he good sacryfyce,
Of calfe or lambes such as were most of pryce,
And of fat wethers the best not spared he
To honour our Lorde, and pease his deyte.
Thus hadde he favour with God omnypotent,
So pleasynge our Lorde, that to this tyme present
From fyrste begynnynge of erthe, and man mortall,
God hathe hadde favour to people pastorall:
And poore shepeherdes, theyr cotes, felde and shepe,
Aungelles have come for to defend and kepe.
Some shepeherdes were in londe of Asserye,
Whiche after have ben promoted very hye,
So that from cotes, and houses pastorall,
They have ascended to dygnyte royall.

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Chargys and labour so dothe my reason blynde,
That call theyr names can I not unto mynde;
Yet let me study, avoydynge perturbaunce,
So maye I call them unto my remembraunce.
Lo! now I have them,—Abraham, and Jacob,
Lot, Isaac, yonge Joseph, and Job.
These now rehersed, and all the patryarches,
Have not dysdayned pore shepe nor herdes warkes.
Them hathe our Lorde called from humble thynges,
And made them prynces, dukes, other kynges;
So have they chaunged theyr clothynge pastorall,
With golden garment, purpure, and gaye pall;
And than have after by magnanymyte,
Brought noble royalmes in theyr captyvyte,
And have in batayle ben myghty conquerours,
Won fame immortall, and excellent honours.
Parys was pastour, the sone of Pryamus,
Pan, Sylene, Orpheus, and joly Tyterus;
Sawll was shepherde, so was he in lyke wyse
Whiche wolde have offred his sone in sacryfyse.
Moyses was shepherde, and was his flocke kepynge,
Whan he came barefote unto the busshe flamynge,
Commaunded by God to leve his flocke, and go
On Goddes message to sturdy Pharao.
Also Apollo was herde sometyme in Grece,
No thynge dysdaynynge to handle ewe and flece,
As wryteth poetes, he lefte dyvyne honour,
Gladde amonge wethers to be a governour.
The blessyd aungelles brought to suche men as we
Message of concorde, of peas, and unyte,

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And songe that gloria flyenge in the skye,
Whiche our syr Sampson dothe synge so merely.
Fyrst hadde shepeherdes sure tydynge by message,
That God was made man, to bye humayne lynage;
And herdes instructe by voyce angelycall,
Sawe God incarnate and borne fyrste of all.
And this was pleasour of Goddes majeste,
That symple herdes hym fyrste of all soulde se,
And in theyr maner make unto hym offrynges,
Before estates, as ryche and myghty kynges.
The joly harper whiche after was a kynge,
And slewe the gyaunt so stoutly with his slynge,
Was fyrste a shepeherde, or he hadde dygnyte;
Ryght so were many as stoute and bolde as he.
And our Lorde Jhesu, our God and Savyour,
Named hymselfe a shepeherde, or a pastour;
Ryght so he named men meke and pacyent,
His flocke and his shepe, for maners innocent.
Thynke not these wordes glosyd, nor in vayne,
They are the gospell, so sayth syr Peter playne,
I sawe them myselfe well paynted on the wall,
Late gasynge upon our chyrche cathedrall;
I sawe grete wethers in pycture, and small lambes,
Dauncynge, some slepynge, some sowkynge of theyr dammes;
And some on the grounde me semed lyenge styll,
Than sawe I horsemen, at pendant of an hyll;
And the thre kynges with all theyr company,
Theyr crownes glywerynge, bryght and oryently,

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With theyr presentes and gyftes mystycall;
All this behelde I in pycture on the wall.
But the poore pastoures, as people innocent,
Fyrst sawe the cryb of our Lorde omnypotent;
Thus it apereth God loveth poore pastours,
Seth he them graunted to have so grete honours;
Our Lorde hath favour bothe in the shepe and folde,
As it apereth by the hystoryes olde.
Our Lorde is redy to socour the vyllage,
Despysynge townes, for malyce and outrage.
For God is content with symple poverte,
Pryde he despyseth, and wrongfull dygnyte.

¶ AMYNTAS.

In good fayth, Faustus, thy tale is verytable,
Grounded on lernynge, and gretly commendable.
Lately myselfe to se that pycture was,
I sawe the manger, I sawe the oxe and asse,
I well remembred the people in my mynde,
Me thynke yet I se the blacke facys of Ynde.
Me thynke yet I se the herdes and the kynges,
And in what maner were ordred theyr offrynges.
As longe as I lyve the better shall I love
The name of herdes, and cytezyns reprove.
Wherefore, mate Faustus, I praye God gyve the care,
Yf thou the fautes of ony cyte spare;
Speke on, and spare not, and touche theyr errour,
Yet maye we comon, more than a large houre.

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¶ FAUSTUS.

Than tourne we to talke a whyle of cytezyns,
To touche theyr foly and parcell of theyr synnes;
Thynke not, Amyntas, that they of the cyte
Lyve better lyfe, or wyselyer than we;
All yf their clothynge be doubled for the colde,
And thoughe they glyster so gayly in bryght golde,
Shynynge in sylkes, in purpure, or velvet,
In furryd robys, or clokes of scarlet,
And we poore herdes in russet cloke and hode,
It is not clothynge can make a man be good.
Better is in ragges pure lyvynge innocent,
Than a soule defyled in sumptuous garment.
Trust me, Amyntas, my selfe with these same eyen,
Have in the cyte suche oftentymes seen,
Jet in theyr sylkes, and bragge in the market,
As they were lordes; I ofte have seen them jet
Whiche are starke beggers, and lyve in nede at home,
And ofte go to bedde for nede with empty wombe.
Nought is more folysshe than suche wretches be,
Thus with proude porte to cloke theyr poverte.
What is nede clothed, or fayned habundaunce?
Poverte, slouthe, and wretched governaunce!
What is fayre semblaunce, with thought and hevynes?
Forsothe nought elles but cloked folysshnes!
And some have I seen, (whiche is a thynge damnable,)
That whyle they wolde have a lyvynge delectable,
Rest at theyr pleasure and fare delycyously,
Have suffered theyr wyves defyled wyttyngly.

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Have solde theyr doughters floure of vyrgynyte,
O deed unworthy! O blynde inyquyte!
Fame, honour, the soule, and chastyte be solde,
For wretchyd lyvynge; — O, cursed thurste of golde!
O damnable dede, so many for to spyll,
One wretched carkes and bely for to fyll!
What thynge is vyler, what more abhomynable,
What thynge more folysshe, more fals and detestable!

¶ AMYNTAS.

What yf they can not to other crafte them gyve,
Nor fynde other waye or meanes for to lyve?
Nede hath no lawe, of two ylles, pardé,
To chose the leest yll is none iniquite.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Seth they have as many soules as have we,
As moche of reasone, and handes lyke plente,
Why maye they not to honest warke them gyve?
And fynde other waye and maner for to lyve?
No lawe permytteth, nor wylleth man pardé
To commyt mordre for harde necessyte.
No more shoulde ony his soule defyle nor kyll
For lust transytory, or pleasure to fulfyll.
Yet be in cytees mo suenge folysshnes,
Wenynge by crafte for to have grete ryches;
By whiche craftes no man hathe ryches founde,
Syth tyme that our Lorde fyrst fourmed man and grounde.

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As Alkemystys, wenynge by polecy
Nature to alter, and coyne to multyply;
Some wasshe rude metall with lycours manyfolde
Of herbes, wenynge to turne it into golde;
All pale and smoky by suche contynuall,
And after labour they lose theyr lyfe and all!
Another sorte is to this not moche unlyke,
Whiche spende theyr tymes in wretchyd art magyke,
Therby supposynge some treasour to have founde,
Whiche many yeres is hydde within the grounde!
What is more folysshe, more full of vanyte,
Or more repugnynge to faythe and probyte;
Because they wolde fle good busynesse and payne,
They use suche tryfles and wretched thynges vayne;
They prove all thynges because they wolde do nought,
Styll sekynge newes, styll troubled in theyr thought,
Because they wolde fle the labour of the lande,
All ydle tryfles such taketh on theyr hande,
Styll be they busy, and never come to ende,
To thynge profytable do fewe of them intende.
Some lyve by rapyne, gyle, fraude, and polecy,
Parjury, oppressyon, and some in usury,
Some gladly borowe, and never paye agayne,
Some kepe from servauntes the stipend of theyr payne,
Some 'rest men gyltles and caste them in pryson,
Some bye stronge theves out of the dongyon;
Some fawn, some flater, men truste not whan they smyle,
Than frame they fraudes men slyly to begyle;

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Some in one houre more promes to the wyll,
Than all his dayes he thynketh to fulfyll.
By thousande meanes of fraude and craftynesse,
Ly they in wayte for honour and rychesse;
They fede the ryche and often let the pore
Dye for pure colde and hungre at theyr dore!
We fede fat oxen, they marmosettes kepe,
We fede fat kyddes, lambes, and good shepe,
And they fede hawkes, apes, also houndes,
And small is theyr joye, save here within our boundes.
We brynge them butter, egges, chese, and woll,
Tancardes of mylke and creame fletynge full;
All maner flesshe, and all theyr hole lyvynge,
Without our labour treuly they have nothynge.
We are the feders of wethers and fat hogges,
And they of the cyte fede byrdes and grete dogges!
Now juge, Amyntas, whiche of these semeth the
Of most avauntage and most nobylyte?

¶ AMYNTAS.

Yf by your labour procedeth more rychesse,
And most avauntage, as semeth trouth doubteles,—
Than this I mervayle that they of the cyte
Have so grete pleynte, and we necessyte.
The cause can not I call to my remembraunce,
Whereof procedeth theyr store and habundaunce.

¶ FAUSTUS.

The cause I tolde the, what woldest thou have more?
By fraude, and falshode, have they so mykyll store.

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Seest thou not playnly how they of the cyte
Dayly dysceyveth our poore symplycyte,
With that cruelte agaynste us they rage,
By fals oppressyon, or fayre fayned langage;
They thinke it pleasoure that sorowe on them hap,
By glosed wordes to take us in trappe.
The most of them all counte it an almes dede
Us herdes to fraude, this is a gentyll mede!
For them we labour, in hete, wynde, colde, and rayne,
And fraude and dysceyte they paye us for our payne.
With myndes and tongue they stody and they muse,
Bothe daye and night us herdes to abuse.
Theyr wyt and body all hole do they ply,
For us poore wretches to stody polecy;
And after theyr fraude, gyle, and decepcyon,
Than do they laughe us unto derysyon.

¶ AMYNTAS.

How came thou to knowlege of this enormyte,
And of these maners of them of the cyte?
My selfe there wonned, and there was conversaunt;
Of some of these thynges yet am I ygnoraunt.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Thou coude not perceyve well theyr enormyte,
Parchaunce thy maners dyde with theyr lyfe agre;
There seldome is sene grete contradyccyon
Where men accordeth in dysposycyon,
No faute with Moryans is blacke dyfformyte,
Because all the sorte lyke of theyr favour be.

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So couthe thou not se theyr vyces nor them blame,
Because thy own lyfe was fyled with the same.
But how I knewe them, now shall I tell to the:
Whyle I brought butter to sell to the cyte,
And other vytayle, I used mylke to cry,
Than hadde I knowlege with an apotecary,
Of hym I lerned moche falshode and practyse,
Not to the purpose the same to exercyse.
He couthe make playsters, and newe commyxcyons,
In valour scant worthe a couple of onyens!
Yet solde he the same, as it were golde so dere,
Namely, yf happened, ony infectyve yere.
I was aquaynted with many an hucster,
With a costardemonger, and with an hostler;
This thefe was crafty poore people to begyle,
None lyke I suppose within a dosen mile:
Amonge all other his fraudes and his crymes,
He solde one botell of hey a dosen tymes;
And in the otes couthe he well droppe a candell,
Well knew he how his gestes to handle.
And in the same In there dwelt a prety pryme,
She couthe well flater and glose with hym and hym,
And necke a mesure, her smyrkynge gan her sale,
She made ten shylynge of one barell of ale!
Whome she begyled in pottes, she was fayne
To wyn them with fresshe and paynted loke agayne.
And as I remembre her name was wanton Besse,
Who leest with her delt he thryved not the lesse!
What nede more processe, no crafte of the cyte
Is, but is myngled with fraunde and subtylté,

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Save onely the crafte of an apotycary,—
That is all fraude and gylefull polecy.
But all these wolde swere that they were innocent,
Or they to the cyte dyde fyrste of all frequent,
There lerned they thefte and fraude to exercyse,
And man of nature is moved soone to vyce.
Some be also whiche spende theyr patrymony,
Whiche was to them lefte by theyr olde auncestry,
On queans, bawdes, in ryot and dronkenesse,
Theyr name defylynge, despysynge all goodnesse.
With cost and paynes suche busuly labour,
Sekynge for shame and dethe before theyr houre.
Saye where is custome of fornycacyon,
Incest, avoutry, and defloracyon,
Forsynge of women, murdre and rapyne,
Dyscorde and braulynge, and lyvynge lyke to swyne,
Malyce, envy, and all iniquyte,
Do these not rayne, in myddes of the cyte?
All newe abusyon, provokynge men to synnes,
Hadde fyrst begynnynge amonge the cytezyns;
Where dwell grete prynces, and myghty governours,
Theyr lyfe dyspysynge for to have vayne honours,
Capytaynes, souldyours, and all lyke company,
Whiche put for money theyr lyfe in jeopardy,
These dwell not uplande, but haunteth the cyte.
Pore herdes fyght not, but for necessyte,
For lyberte, lyfe, and justyce to upholde;
Towne dwellers fyght for vayne honour and golde.
We fyght, our frendes and householde to defende,
They fyght for malyce, to ryches to ascende;

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Our cause and quarell is to meynteyne the ryght,
But all on selfewyll without reason they fyght.
They seke by woundes for honour and rychesse,
And dryve the wekest to hardest busynes.
O blynde sowdyour! why settest thou thy hert
For a vayne stypende agayne a mortall darte!
By thousande peryllys thou takest thy passage,
For a small lucre rennynge to grete dammage.
Theyr swete lyfe they gyve for a poore stypende,
And ofte lese they bothe, and heven at the ende!
Whyle some contendeth and fyghteth for his wage,
His lyfe he spendeth, than fare well avauntage!
What is more folysshe, or lyker to madnesse,
Than to spende the lyfe for glory and rychesse?
What thynge is glory, laude, praysynge, or fame?
What honour, report, or what is noble name?
Forsothe nought but voyce of wytles comonte,
And vayne opynyon, subjecte to vanyte.
Processe of yeres, revolvynge of season,
Bryngeth all these soone in oblyvyon,
Whan lyfe is faded all these ben out of syght,
Lyke as with the sonne departeth the daye lyght.
They all be fooles whiche medleth with the see,
And otherwyse myght lyve in theyr owne countre;
He is but a foole whiche runneth to tempest,
And myght lyve on londe in suerte and in rest.
He is but a foole whiche hathe of good plenty,
And it dysdayneth to use and occupy.
And he which lyveth in care and wretchydnes,
His heyre to promote to londes and rychesse,

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Is most foole of all, to spare in mysery
With good and londes his heyre to magnyfy.
And he whiche leveth that thynge for to be done
Unto his doughter, executour, or sone,
Whiche he hymselfe myght in his lyfe fulfyll,
He is but a foole, and hath but lytell skyll!
But all these sortes within the cyte be,
They want of wysdome and sue enormyte;
And also the youthe in dayes festyvall,
Do nought but folowe theyr lustes bestyall,
The weke they use them in worldly busynesse,
The sondaye serveth to folowe vycyousnes;
What tyme the shoppes be closed all and shyt,
Than is the market with Thays, Beale, and Kyt.
On hyest dayes suche ware is namely solde,
For nought it waxeth, yf it be ones olde.
Upon the sondaye, whan men shoulde God honour,
Lefte is good laboure, ensued is errour.
Oftyme the old frere that wonned in Grenewyche,
Agayne suche folyes was boldly wont to preche:—
He sayde, where baudes and theyr abusyone
Were wont to abyde in one vyle place alone,
Now are they sprencled and sparcled abrode,
Lyke wyse as shyppes be docked in a rode,
That harde is to knowe good women frome the yll,
By yll example good are in doubte to spyll.
Bawdes be suffred so where they lyste to byde,
That the strete fadeth upon the water syde,
Cate, Jyll, Mably, Phylys, and feat Jeny,
Because of the cyte now can not get one peny,

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Whyle Thays was wont, in angles for to be,
Now hathe she power, in all the hole cyte.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Thou pasest mesure, Faustus, by God a'vowe!
Thou sayst of malyce, ryght well perceyve I nowe.
Mytygate thy mynde and tongue, for it is shame
Men of the cyte thus largely to blame!
What man is fautles, remembre the vylage,
How men uplondysshe on holy dayes rage,
Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,
In swete and labour havynge most chefe comforte;
On the holy daye as soone as morne is past,
Whan all men resteth, whyle all the daye dothe last
They drynk, they banket, they revell and they jest,
They lepe, they daunce, despysynge ease and rest.
Yet if they ones here a bagpype or a drone,
Anone to the elme or oke be they gone!
There use they to daunce, to gambaud, and to rage,
Suche is the custome and use of the vyllage.
Whan the grounde resteth from rake, plough, and wheles,
Than must they it trouble with burthen of theyr heles.
To Baccus they banket, no feest is festyvall,
They chyde and they chat, they vary and they brall,
They rayle and they route, they revell and they cry,
Laughynge, and lepynge, and makynge cuppes drye.

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¶ FAUSTUS.

What! stynt thou thy chat, these wordes I defy,
It is to a vylayne rebuke and vylanye;
Suche rurall solace so playnly for to blame,
Thy wordes soundeth to thy rebuke and shame.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Not so, frende Faustus, I spoke it but in game;
Agayne to the cyte retourne in Goddes name!

¶ FAUSTUS.

Yet of the cyte mo foles tell can I,
Whiche wene to nombre the sterres of the skye,
By them supposynge eche desteny to tell,
But all be fooles that with this mater mell,
Yet be they madder whiche fyxeth theyr entent
To serche the nature of God omnypotent,
And dare be so bolde to set theyr mortall syght,
On incomprehensyble and pure immortal lyght;
Our fayth is better, for they of the cyte
Beleve by reason with grete dyffyculte,
Or they wyll beleve they brawle with argument,
Playne speche suffyseth us people innocent;
Agayne syr Sampson theyr quarell they defende,
We aske no questyon, and use not to contende;
We lyght the alters, and many candels cffre,
Whan they of the towne skantly make a proffer!
Theyr fayth is feble, our fayth is sure and stable,
They dare be bolde with doctours for to bable.

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A worldly marchaunt nought knowynge of doctryne,
Because of his coyne counteth his reason fyne.
Trust me, Amyntas, no force who hereth me,
The coyne and connynge doth not alwaye agre!
For some be that have grete plenty of that one,
Whiche of that other have lytell parte or none.
What shoulde the foles that dwell in the cyte
Or we seke to knowe of Goddes pryvyte,
Yf it were nedefull the Godhed for to knowe,
To symple wretches here on the grounde alowe,
It is in power of God omnypotent,
His very presence to us to represent.
But seth his knowlege is incomprehensyble,
Why seketh fooles for thynges impossyble;
And seth God wyll be unknowen unto us,
Why sholde thyne mortall of endeles thyng dyscus.
And rurall people in almys doth excell,
Above all the sorte whiche in the cyte dwell;
We gyve woll and chese, our wyves coyne and egges,
Whan freres flater and prayse theyr propre legges.
For a score of pynnes and nedles two or thre;
A gentell Cluner two cheses hadde of me,
Phylys gave coyne because he dyd her charme,
Ever syth that tyme lesse hathe she felte of harme.
Yet is in the cyte a nombre incurable,
Pleders, and brokers, a foule and shamefast rable,
Marchauntes of justyce, hunters of ryches,
Cratchers of coyne, delayers of processe,
Prolongynge causes, and makynge wronge of ryght,
And ryght of plaine wronge, opposyng law with myght,

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Jaylers of justyce, theyr cursed covetyse
Watreth the plantes of cruelte and vyce!

¶ AMYNTAS.

This have I proved by playne experyence,
But tell me, Faustus,—what causeth this offence?

¶ FAUSTUS.

The rote and the grounde of this mysgovernaunce
Is favour, rewarde, and wylfull ygnoraunce.
Whan coyn or favour ones dymmed hath the syght,
Adieu all justyce, in pryson layd is ryght.
Yet be in townes a rable fraudelent,
Murdrers of people, and fre of ponysshement,
Vauntynge and bostynge themselfe of medycyne,
And nought perceyvynge of seyence and doctryne;
Yf they be fetred with rynges and with cheynes,
Than may they handle and touche pryvy vaynes,
Name all dyseases and sores at theyr wyll,
Avoyde of connynge, of reason other skyll;
Suche ryde on mules, and pages by theyr syde,
But yf they hadde ryght, on asses shoulde they ryde!
As touchynge rulers of all the comonte,
The more that they have of hye auctoryte,
Of lyberte, wyll, and synguler pleasure,
So moche the more poore people they devoure.
The houndes somtyme wont foldes for to kepe,
Be now wylde wolves devourynge all the shepe;
Rulers be robbers, and pyllers be pastours,
Gone is the guydyng of godly governours!

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O where be rulers, meynteyners of justyce;
Where be subduers and slakers of all vyce!
Where be the frendes of mercy and pyte,
Somtyme well rulynge, not spoylynge of the cyte.
Where be chast rulers, just, meke, and lyberall;
Chaunged is fortune, dethe hath devoured all.
The worste remayneth, gon ben the meke and just.
In stede of vertue, ruleth frewyll and lust!
Where be the fathers ryght worthy an empyre,
Of whome men counted gaye talys by the fyre;
Somtyme with talys, and otherwhyle with songe,
So dryvynge a waye the wynter nyghtes longe.
Alas! Amyntas, nought bydeth that is good,
No not my cokers, my tabert, nor my hood;
All is consumed, all spent and worne be,
So is all goodnesse and welthe of the cyte.
The temples pylled dothe bytterly complayne,
Poore people wayleth and cal for helpe in vayne;
Poore wydous sorowe, and chyldren fatherles
In vayne bewayleth, whan wolves them oppresse.
Syn hath no scourge, and vertu no rewarde,
Who loveth wysdom his fortune is but harde!
Counceyll and cunnynge now tombles in the dust,
But what is the cause? lawe tourned is to lust:
Lust standeth in stede of lawe and of justyce,
Wherby good lyvynge subdued is by vyce.

¶ AMYNTAS.

I tell the, Faustus, this hastynes of the,
Passeth the boundes of ryght and honeste;

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All men thou blamest by wrothe and hastynesse,
As all cytezyns were full of vycyousnesse;
What, man?—remembre!—some lyve in innocence,
Some in the cyte be partles of offence.

¶ FAUSTUS.

I am not angry, I saye but veryte,
Here me, Amyntas, one clause with brevyte,—
As many todes as bredeth in Irelonde,
As many grypes as bredeth in Englonde,
As many cockowes as synge in January,
And nyghtyngales as synge in February,
And as many whalys as swymmeth in the fen,
So many ben there in cytes of good men!

¶ AMYNTAS.

A good man is geason, not easy to be founde,
On londe or in cyte or over all the grounde;
Many thynges longe unto a parfyte man,
Aske that of Codrus, declare the trouthe he can;
Badnes encreaseth and over fast dothe growe,
Goodnes and vertu in comynge up ben slowe.

¶ FAUSTUS.

Thou art madde I trowe, so many foes have we
As dwell cytezyns in all the hole cyte,
They clyp us, they poll us, they pyll us to the skyn,
And what they may get that thynke they well to wyn;
To thefte they constrayne us, I tell the by all Halows,
And after by and by they sende us to the galows!

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Therfore it is reason yf ought of theyrs hap,
Or come to our clawes it pryvely to trap;
They us oft dysceyve, dysceyve we them agayne,
Devyse we slyly, gyle subtyll and trayne.
But this, Amyntas, to me is gretest grefe
And doubt, for it is yll stelynge from a thefe,
Yf it be secret we may it well deny,
Yf it be knowen, excuse it craftely;
Preve felony thoughe it be used longe
Is not called thefte, but injury and wronge.
All that they have within these townes playne,
Is our harde labour, sore travayle, and grete payne.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Now thou excedest the marke of equyte,
Thou passest reason, Faustus, I tell to the.

¶ FAUSTUS.

What than, Amyntas, have pacyence a whyle,
Towne dwellers vyces dothe all the worlde defyle,
The ayre is corrupt by theyr enormyte,
These somer stormes whence come they? tell thou me!
Lyghtnynge, grete wyndes, flodes, hayle, and thundre,
I well remembre ofttyme the grounde here under
Ryght sore hathe quaked, and caused houses fall;
Vyce of the cyte is rote and cause of all!
The sonne in myddaye ofttyme hathe loste hys lyght,
In lykewyse the mone in season of the nyght;

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Bothe hathe ben blacke, or elles reed as blode,
This sygne, Amyntas, pretendeth us no good.
Why growe the wedes and cokyll in the corne?
Why is haye and grasse oftymes all forlorne?
Why lose we our sede, our labour, and expence?
Where cometh moryen, and grevous pestylence?
All these procedeth by madde enormyte,
And corrupte maners of them of the cyte!
And wors is lykely yet afterwarde to fall,
Yf they not refourme theyr lyvynge bestyall.
Whence came the furour of harnes and batayle,
Whiche causeth wydowes theyr spouses to bewayle,
Whiche bryngeth with it all kynde of mysery,
As thefte, and murdre, grete deth and penury.
Forsoth in cytees this furour fyrste began,
To the confusyon of many a doughty man,
The cyte is well and grounde orygynall,
Bothe the fyrst and last, of dedely ylles all!
Bredde in the cyte was cruell Lycaon,
Bredde amonge herbes was good Dewcalyon;
Amonge shepeherdes norysshed was Rennus,
And also his brother the myghty Romulus;
The cause of the flode in cyte fyrst began,
Wherby was wasted nere every best and man.
Our Lorde destroyed fyve cytes for outrage,
Rede where for synnes he wasted one vyllage.
I trowe whan the worlde with fyre shall wasted be,
The cause shall procede and come of some cyte.
What! shall I touche the savour and the stynke
Whiche is in cytes, of gutter and of synke?

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There men be choked with vyle and deedly sent,
Here have we odour of floures redolent.
I count me happy whiche won in the vyllage,
As undefyled with cytezyns outrage.

¶ AMYNTAS.

Have done now, Faustus, laye there a strawe and rest,
Fyll we our bely with cruddes that is best,
Leve we the cyte and all cyvyle outrage,
Now it is season to torne to the potage;
After our dyner is best as in my mynde
The rest to declare, yf ought remayne behynde.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Here endeth the v. Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezyn and Uplondysshman, Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, at the Sygne of Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde.

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NOTES.

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NOTES.

P. 1, *l.* 9, *pryvate:* deprived.

P. 1, *l.* 19, *aspyed:* espye, ed. 1570.

P. 1, *l.* 20, *stode:* stande, ed. 1570.

P. 1, *l.* 22, *a fayre broche of tynne:* these tin brooches were frequently worn as signs of pilgrimage; and were fashioned into figures of the saints at whose shrines they were distributed. One such, given to Canterbury Pilgrims in commemoration of St. Thomas à Becket, is engraved in the *Archæological Album.* For other examples and for the curious elucidations of Mr. C. R. Smith, who first interpreted and called attention to these interesting relics of medieval times, which had previously been overlooked by antiquaries, I must refer the reader to the Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. i. p. 200.

P. 2, *l.* 1, *getted:* jetted, ed. 1570: strutted about.

P. 2, *l.* 3, *wafrer:* "a person who sold wafers, a sort of cakes so called," Halliwell's Dictionary.

P. 2, *l.* 7, *propre prym:* a neat girl.

P. 2, *l.* 17, *pleasure had:* pleasure he had, ed. 1570.

P. 2, *l.* 28, *themselfe:* themselves, ed. 1570.

P. 3, *l.* 15, *blowys all with a fereful sounde:* blowes sharpe and with fereful sound, ed. 1570.

P. 3, *l.* 16, *hewsys:* ewes, ed. 1570, eaves.

P. 3, *l.* 17, *the streames frosen:* the streame is frosen, ed. 1570.

P. 3, *l.* 23, *black and smoke:* smoky, ed. 1570.

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P. 3, *l.* 24, *sterynge the pulment:* sturring the pulment, ed. 1570: "a kind of pottage, Pulmentorium, a pulment: 'Nominale MS.'" Halliwell's Dictionary.

P. 3, *l.* 25, *frument:* furmity, a dish still eaten by country folks, composed of wheat boiled in milk and sugar, and seasoned with spice.

P. 4, *l.* 21, *bounde within:* put within, ed. 1570.

P. 5, *l.* 6, *thryftles:* trifles, ed 1570.

P. 5, *l.* 13, *crudded:* curded.

P. 6, *l.* 5, *wantynge:* want, ed. 1570.

P. 6, *l.* 6, *dayneth:* disdains.

P. 6, *l.* 9, *I tell thee:* I tell to thee, ed. 1570.

P. 7, *l.* 10, *comonte:* commonalty.

P. 7, *l.* 25, *other policy:* worldly policy, ed. 1570.

P. 8, *l.* 15, *thy lyttre:* this litter, ed. 1570.

P. 9, *l.* 6, *rowen:* after-grass, a word still used in Suffolk.

P. 9, *l.* 8, *efte:* again.

P. 9, *l.* 25, *fulfill thy promise.* I have corrected these words by the ed. of 1570, in the original it reads, "Fully thy promes."

P. 10, *l.* 10, *fourmed:* founded, ed. 1570. The curious tale which is here related to the disadvantage of countrymen, probably had a much earlier origin; it bears traces of that contempt for agriculturists so striking in the poems of the *trouvères*, and of which some curious instances are given by Mr. Wright in his paper on the Political Condition of the English Peasantry during the middle ages.—*Archæologia*, vol. 30.

P. 11, *l.* 2, *to dreare:* to annoy, to give sorrow.

P. 11, *l.* 19, *the folde:* his folde, ed. 1570.

P. 12, *l.* 1, *supposynge:* suppose, ed. 1570.

P. 12, *l.* 11, *sayde, "Woman":* saide, "O, woman," ed. 1570.

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P. 12, *l.* 24, *haunsed:* exalted.

P. 13, *l.* 4, *haberjowne:* a breast-plate.

P. 13, *l.* 5, *getton:* ghetton, ed. 1570: "a banner properly two yards in length.—*Archæologia* 22, 397." Halliwell's Dictionary.

P. 13, *l.* 17, *caduke:* crazy, frail. Halliwell's Dictionary.

P. 13, *l.* 20, *fle she:* flew she, ed. 1570.

P. 13, *l.* 27, *withsave:* vouchsave.

P. 14, *l.* 8, *rowmes:* places, offices.

P. 14, *l.* 27, *costard jaggers:* itinerant apple sellers.

P. 14, *l.* 28, *daubers or drowpy water laggers:* plasterers, or stooping water-carriers. Skelton mentions "the Irish water-lag." See note in Dyce's edition of his works.

P. 15, *l.* 16, *dwelled in the fen:* wonned in the fen, ed. 1570.

P. 16, *l.* 4, *leasynges:* falsehoods.

P. 16, *l.* 9, *All if:* A lyfe, orig. ed.

P. 16, *l.* 11, *wall prove:* shall prove, ed. 1570.

P. 16, *l.* 18, *I thought no mawgre, I tolde it for a bourde:* I thought no harm, I told it for a jest.

P. 17, *l.* 25, *felde and shepe:* fold and shepe, ed. 1570.

P. 19, *l.* 2, *Syr Sampson:* the parish priest, who was always styled *Sir.* See notes to Shakspere's "Love's labours lost." *Malone's ed.*

P. 19, *l.* 22, *well paynted on the wall.* This detailed notice of a mural painting in Ely Cathedral, which has long since disappeared, is very curious; paintings in distemper on the walls of churches, representing the same subject, were not uncommon; and in Smith's Antiquities of Westminster may be seen copies from one formerly existing in St. Stephen's Chapel there. The adoration of the Magi is painted on the walls of the Guesten Hall, adjoining Worcester Cathedral, and is apparently a work of the fourteenth

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century. So many of our old churches exhibit fragments of similar paintings, of which many are yet hidden beneath whitewash, that this species of church decoration appears to have been all but universal before the reformation.

P. 19, *l.* 30, *glyweryng:* glistering, ed. 1570.

P. 20, *l.* 7, *bothe in the shepe and fold:* both to shepe and folde, ed. 1570.

P. 20, *l.* 9, *the historyes:* these historyes, ed. 1570.

P. 22, *l.* 13, *two ylles:* two evils, ed. 1570.

P. 22. *l.* 24, *mo suenge:* more seeking.

P. 23, *l.* 22, *in usury:* on usury, ed. 1570.

P. 24, *l.* 9, *apes also houndes:* apes, horse and houndes, ed. 1570.

P. 24, *l.* 12, *fletynge full:* running over.

P. 24, *l.* 20, *your labour:* our labour, ed. 1570.

P. 25, *l.* 2, *dysceyveth:* deceyve, ed. 1570.

P. 25, *l.* 13, *do they ply:* do they apply, ed. 1570.

P. 25, *l.* 27, *Moryans:* Moors, negros.

P. 25, *l.* 28, *theyr favour:* that favour, ed. 1570.

P. 26, *l.* 1, *couthe:* could, ed. 1570.

P. 26, *l.* 2, *fyled:* defiled.

P. 26, *l.* 6, *an apotecary.* The amount of quackery prevalent in the middle ages exceeded all ordinary bounds. I must refer the reader for instances of this to Mr. Pettigrew's work on Medical Superstitions; and to Dr. Halle's "Historiall Expostulation against the beastly abusers of Chyrurgerie and Physicke in our time," re-published 1844, by the Percy Society.

P. 26, *l.* 18, *one botell of hey:* a bundle of hay, still alluded to in the old proverb which characterizes a fruitless search as "looking for a needle in a bottle of hay."

P. 26, *l.* 19, *couthe:* could, ed. 1570.

P. 26, *l.* 20, *gestes to handle:* gestes for to handle, ed. 1570.

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P. 26, *l.* 21, *pretty pryme:* pretty girl.

P. 27, *l.* 25, *uplande:* upon londe, *orig. ed.*

P. 28, *l.* 6, *agayne:* against, ed. 1570.

P. 28, *l.* 17, *comonte:* commontie, ed. 1570: commonalty.

P. 28, *l.* 27, *good:* worldly goods.

P. 29, *l.* 4, *executour.* The distrust of executors was a very common sentiment in former times, and warnings against them were frequent in all ways. Upon one of the tiles in the Abbey Church at Great Malvern, Worcestershire, is this curious inscription:—

"Thenke mon thi liffe
Mai not ever endure,
That thow dost thiself
Of that thow art sure,
But that thow kepist
*Unto thi 'sectur cure,**
And ever hit availe the
Hit is but aventure.†"

Mr. J. G. Nichols, who engraves this curious tile in his Examples of Decorative Tiles, (4to, 1845) says that similar ones exist at Hereford, Little Malvern, and Stanford, Worcestershire. He also notices the universality of a similar distrust, and refers to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for several fragments of such verses, "of which the following, which was depicted upon the wall of St. Edmund's Church, Lombard Street, is a curious specimen:—

'Man, thee behovyth oft to have this in mynd,
That thou geveth wyth thin hond, that sall you find,
For wydowes be sloful, and chyldren beth unkynd,
Executors beth covetos, and kep al that they fynd;
If eny body esk wher the deddys goodys be gon,
They ansquer,
So God me helpe and Halidam, he died a pore mon,
Thenk on this.'"

* Unto thy executor's care. † Chance.

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P. 29, *l.* 28, *the strete fadeth upon the water syde.* The suburbs of London, and the streets by the water side, were notoriously infamous in the sixteenth century; and the stews in Southwark are particularly alluded to in *Cock Lorel's Bote*, (Percy Society's Publications, vol. 6), as well as some other London localities, rendered infamous by the dispersion of the water-side residents by the Bishop of Winchester, who owned the property. This poem and Barclay's are very nearly cotemporary.

P. 31, *l.* 3, *a vylayne:* a villein, a country man.

P. 32, *l.* 22, *a gentle Cluner:* a Cluniack monk; the similar way in which the lower clergy ingratiated themselves with "good wives," is noticed by Chaucer, who describes his friar as having—

> "His tippet ay farsed ful of knives,
> And pinnes for to given fayre wives."

P. 32, *l.* 23, *he dyd her charm.* I must again refer the reader to Mr. Pettigrew's very amusing volume on Medical Superstitions, for curious information on the charms used in the middle ages, as well as to Brand's Popular Antiquities.

P. 32, *l.* 26, *shamfast:* shamefull, ed. 1570.

P. 32, *l.* 28, *cratchers of coyne:* people who "scratch together" great wealth.

P. 33, *l.* 18, *other skyll:* eyther skill, ed. 1570.

P. 34, *l.* 14, *my cokers, my tabert:* cokers are boots like the modern countrymen's *high-lows;* the tabert is the tunic or *smock-frock.*

P. 34, *l.* 17, *pylled:* ransacked.

P. 34, *l.* 20, *bewayleth:* bewayle, ed. 1570.

P. 35, *l.* 4, *partles of offence:* take no part in offending.

P. 35, *l.* 9, *grypes:* griffins.

P. 35, *l.* 14, *geason:* scarce.

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P. 36, *l.* 4, *subtyll:* subteltie, ed. 1570.

P. 36, *l.* 9, *preve felony:* privy felony, ed. 1570.

P. 36, *l.* 10, *injury and wronge:* injury or wrong, ed. 1570.

P. 36, *l.* 18, *all the worlde:* all the earth, ed. 1570.

P. 37, *l.* 11, *harnes:* hardnes, ed. 1570. *Harness* is generally used as a term for accoutrements of war.

P. 37, *l.* 18, *ylles:* evils, ed. 1570.

P. 37, *l.* 21, *Rennus:* Rhenus, ed. 1570. Remus.

P. 38, *l.* 3, *won:* reside.

P. 38, *l.* 6, *laye there:* lay here, ed. 1570.

P. 38, *l.* 10, *is beste as in my minde:* is best in my minde, ed. 1570.

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